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# THE MIRROR

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WEEKLY  
JOURNAL  
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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

## The Mirror

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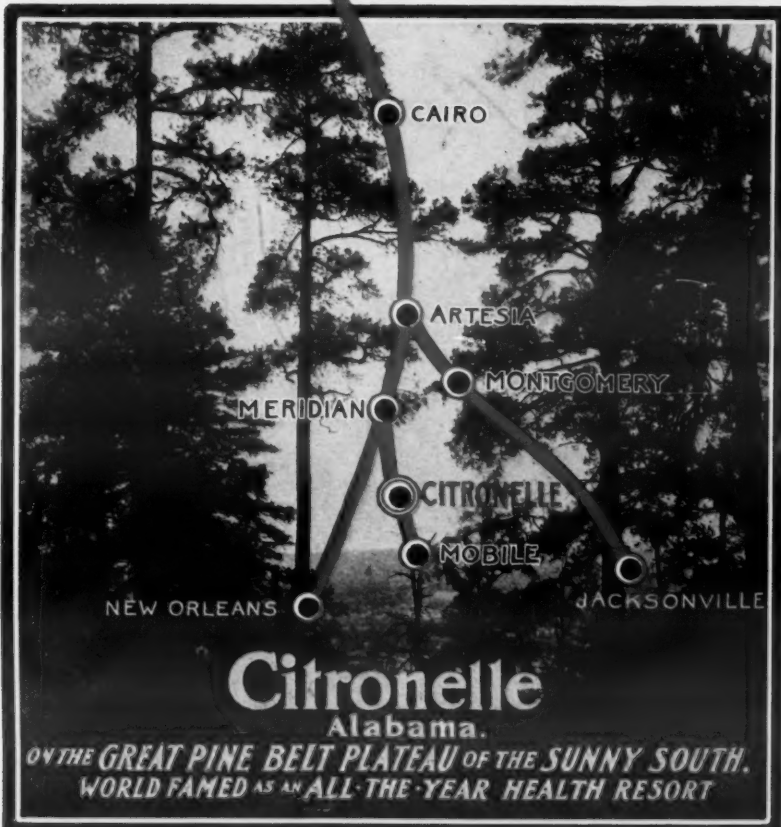
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## REFLECTIONS.

### A Danger to Business

**P**ERFECTLY legitimate criticism must see in much of the recent activity in St. Louis bank and trust company stocks a danger to sound conservative banking. It would be interesting to know how many of the solid men who gave to certain financial institutions their excellent character have, under temptation of good offers, sold out their holdings to mere speculators who want to dicker and deal and gamble rather than run legitimate banking and trust company business. How much there may be of such a change in the personal holdings of bank securities and in the conceptions of business methods it is impossible to say, but that there has been some such change there can be no doubt. It is hardly necessary to say that such a change is not absolutely for the better. It is hardly necessary to point out that progressiveness may progress so madly as to bring disaster. It is not a natural development that bank and trust companies should plunge madly into the new field of promoting and underwriting of deals. Public confidence is not increased when the impression gets abroad that the men who make a business of taking care of other people's money are going in for heavy speculation or gambling upon new and somewhat problematical ventures. That there is some public doubt as to the wisdom of the bank and trust company boom is a fact. Thinking observers realize that in much of the current expansion there is entirely too much inflation and that there is danger in the suddenness with which the ownership of bank stock changes from bankers to men who don't care for the banks, but want to play with the stock. There is a growing danger that speculation in stocks may lead to speculation with the depositors' money. When directors get to speculating there is as much reason for alarm as if it became known that a cashier or a teller were bucking the market, since no one is proof against the temptations that lurk in the game. The MIRROR does not specify any particular place in which the danger lurks. The danger lies in the general gamblers' tone that seems to be manifesting itself in those quarters where conservatism used to rule. Promoting is a good thing for the city, and it is perhaps unavoidable that banking institutions should finance large deals and count upon the future. Long enough there has been too much conservatism in this city's financial institutions, but that is no reason why the banking and trust company business should be carried to the opposite extreme. The competition for profits is apt to prompt to the taking of long chances, and the necessity of checking such competition must be apparent to everybody, when the evidence is so plain that the gamblers are superseding the old-time legitimate business men in the ownership of banks and the control of other people's money. It seems to the MIRROR about time to proffer the general suggestion of this article to the business community and the ordinary depositor. It seems to the MIRROR that the "boom" in local financial concerns' stocks is bad, just because it is a boom—because there does not appear to be legitimate reason for pushing it to the point it has now reached. This city will not long be "the solid city" if too much hot air is put into its financiering. This city is not helped as much as some people imagine by the tendency, noticeable in so many quarters, towards "flash" coups and sensational deals. All the leading men in the banks and trust companies should give very close thought to the situation that is being created by the new, recent activity in speculation and devise means to check the craze before it shall be checked by a crash involving, perhaps, many who are guiltless of the gaming vice.

### The Settlement of Strikes

THE way is being slowly marked out for the settlement of strikes by the frequency with which high government officials are called in to arbitrate differences. This means, eventually, the appointment of a government arbitration board, since business is being nationalized by the combination method. But the first step toward making arbitration effective has not been taken thus far. That step is to make organizations that declare strikes responsible for their acts. There is no way to bind such an organization to accept the result of arbitration. It would be easy to fine a corporation or revoke its charter for failure to abide by an arbitration, but it will not be easy to frame and pass legislation enabling the punishment of refractory labor unions, for the reason that the labor vote will terrify legislators from such enactments. Strike arbitration amounts to nothing now. It is usually a makeshift arrangement to dodge the issue. The main issue is always more or less clearly defined as recognition of the union, but after an employer has recognized the union the employer has no way in which he can force the union to deal fairly with him. The settlement of strikes will not be possible until the law makes both the union and the employer responsible for failure to keep contracts with one another. At present the custom of calling in politicians to settle strikes is growing. It is a bad custom. It threatens to increase strikes, for it induces men to strike when they see the chance to make one party or the other play for the credit of arbitrating. Politicians may even incite strikes in order to capture the credit of settling them, and politicians incline to make settlements according to their own interests, whether they want a contribution from some corporation involved or want votes from the union men. There is too much politics in the modern big strike. There are too many strike leaders playing politics and landing in good jobs because of their popularity with their followers. Strike settlements should be provided for by law, though non-bi-partisan boards with power to enforce their decisions.

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### Suspicious

WHY has no one discovered the fact that the present Panama hat craze is an insidious method of booming the Panama canal project at the expense of the Nicaragua enterprise? Is it not suspicious that the Panama hat should be popular simultaneously with the activity of volcanoes, of which there are quite a number in the neighborhood of the Nicaragua canal? It all looks like concerted action in behalf of the De Lesseps ditch, by an advertising bureau of unlimited resources. Why has not Senator Morgan "tumbled to" the significant concatenation of circumstances here referred to? Does the Senator, like Baal, sleep or hath he gone on a journey?

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### Hubbard.

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD is going to turn the Roycroft Shop into a \$300,000 stock company. This is possibly in reply to certain recent harsh criticisms of his philanthropic Socialism as being mostly to his own profit. Whatever the cause, it is interesting to note that even the men who profess to be most opposed to contemporary commercialism are forced to accomplish their ends by adopting the modern commercial methods of incorporation and stock flotation. Mr. Hubbard succumbs to his environment, unconventional though he may be. He demonstrates once more his pre-eminent practicality. He is undoubtedly the most distinguished business genius who ever entered upon the career of a reformer. As for much of the bitterness of



some of Mr. Hubbard's critics, we have only to remember one thing to find the explanation. Hubbard is successful. The successful man is assailed. Hubbard may be something of a "mountebank," not a little of a "charlatan," as some men think and say, but those men are thinking and talking of him and of his sayings and doings, and if only he makes men think, Hubbard is doing a work that is not wholly to be despised. Hubbard is not to be eliminated by denunciation. He has evolved a \$300,000 proposition that pays out of a dreamer's fancy, and he purposes giving all his helpers a share in the \$300,000 and whatever it may earn. That is doing something for somebody, even if it grew out of his own humorously-described idea of "doing somebody for something." It is easy for any of us to criticize Hubbard, but that is just the curse of the world to-day. Too many people are criticising the too few people who are doing things. Hubbard is neither a saint nor an angel. He is neither a spotless philanthrope nor an all-sapient prophet nor the greatest writer of his time, but he is big enough to draw the fire of critics and even his mistakes are beneficial to those to whom they are pointed out. The MIRROR occasionally "takes a fall out" of Hubbard and his methods, but the MIRROR renders him just praise for some of the thoughts he has put in other people's heads and for the added honor he has given to the work of the hands for use and beauty. "Mountebank," "charlatan," "faker"—call him anything you will; still Hubbard is a man of his time and, upon the whole, his mountebankery, charlatany or fakery is working to good educational ends. If this were not true why should the other fellows be writing about Hubbard, as they are, all over the country?



#### The Last Word

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* declares, in capital letters, that the policy of this government and people with regard to the Eastern islands is this: "We want the Philippines. We do not want the Filipinos." This is the first intimation we have had that Gen. Jacob Smith had left the howling wilderness of Samar and taken the position of editor-in-chief of the great Coast weekly. Nevertheless the *Argonaut's* condensation of the situation in the two sentences quoted is the true Republican doctrines of barring out Filipino immigration and levying tariff on Filipino goods. "Hell-roaring Jacob Smith" appears to be only the militarist expression of Dingley economics. "We want the Philippines. We do not want the Filipinos." There is the last word of Imperialism.



#### An Old Story

A GOOD, current popular novel deals with John Law's "Mississippi Bubble." Discriminating readers will not fail to see in some of the details of John Law's vast scheme, a great deal that is of close kinship with some of our contemporary "great" financiering in its evident desire to find a way to make something out of nothing. Our "captains of industry" are no new thing. History repeats itself and some of the "captains of industry" are riding to a tremendous fall.



#### Washington a Christian

"WAS George Washington a Christian?" is the subject of a New York *Tribune* symposium. The wonderful thing about the symposium is that there are many symposiasts who insist that, notwithstanding assertions of his belief in the essential principles of Christianity, he was an infidel or, at best, a Deist. It is pretty hard that the man who "could not tell a lie" is not now believed by men when he tells in letters what his beliefs are. The facts are clear that Washington accepted revelation, that he acknowledged the divinity of Jesus Christ, that he attended the Episcopal church and kept fast days. George Washington was not a man to conceal his beliefs or his disbeliefs. He was probably liberal enough in his views not to endeavor to impress his own opinions upon others in the matter of religion, especially during his Presidency. The man who is now in the White House was accused of ignoring Jesus Christ in his last Thanksgiving Day proclamation, and when a crank, from

Massachusetts, called at the White House to denounce him as a Deist, the President ordered him out after asking him how he thought the Jews would like to have been asked to be thankful in a proclamation laying especial emphasis upon a doctrine they repudiate. The President of the United States has never been expected to develop himself as an evangelist of any creed, but it is as certain as anything can be that there has never been but one President who could be said not to have been a Christian in the strictest sense of that word. The exception is Thomas Jefferson. The so-called "Jefferson Bible" excludes all consideration of Jesus Christ as anything more than man, although it does so without any irreverence. Lincoln is said, by some persons, to have been a spiritualist, but the fact is not proved by any generally accepted evidence. He is also said to have been an agnostic, but the idiocy of that assertion is disproved by hundreds of the Great Emancipator's utterances, and, not the least, by the fine solemnity of the Gettysburg address and the Second Inaugural.



#### Auto Danger

AUTOMOBILE scorching is increasingly in evidence in St. Louis. This is natural in view of the increase in the number of automobiles in use, but it is also natural that something should be done by the authorities to check the scorching. Some of the men who run racing machines are very reckless, and especially so about dusk. The police should wing one of the "demon" riders, and make of him an example to deter others from endangering life. There's nothing particularly new in this little paragraph, but its truth, not its novelty, is its merit.



#### Cuban Reciprocity

IT is a relief to learn that there is no truth in the Washington dispatch, of last Saturday, that the President would not push his demands for reciprocity for Cuba if he thought those demands would jeopardize his party's success. The man who is right must feel that right is more important than party success. Furthermore, if the President surrendered to the sugar Senators, now, his independence would be gone forever. The President has "got to" win his fight for justice to Cuba or he will lose all other fights, and any surrender upon his part to party expediency, so-called, would not only wreck him, but ruin his party. The President must stand for decency to Cuba, if he stands alone. He cannot and will not succumb to the bulldozing of the beet-sugar interests or any other interest opposed to the interest of Cuba and the keeping of this country's promises to that island.



#### Don't Know.

THE scientists bid fair to get themselves into as much of a tangle over the causes of the Martinique volcanic outburst as did the naval experts over Admiral Schley's famous looping of the loop. Science, for all its assumption of wisdom, is a stupendous elaboration of "don't know." Perhaps, after all, the only true science is the now prevalent Christian Science, the chief dogma of which is that "nobody can know nothing."



#### A Prospect

A combination of French, English, German and American bankers is going "to convert the Italian rentes," that is, they are going to guarantee Italy's bonds. Thus does the new commercialism work to the binding together of countries in closer relationship. When the people of other nations have their money invested in one nation's securities, those people are not going to hate the people upon whose prosperity the interest on the bonds depends. When all nations are interested in the prosperity of each nation there will be no desire to ruin any nation by tariff laws or wars. Commercialism will make for peace. But then there comes the other thought: what a world this will be when all the nations thereof are controlled by the combination of banks that hold the bonds! The middle of the century may see the nations all merged into one mighty

business corporation dominated by a decemvirate of capitalists. That is the drift of things to day, and nothing promises to stop the drift, unless it be some unforeseen, as yet unimagined, politico-socio-economic cataclysm.



#### Church and State

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S instructions to Governor General Taft, of the Philippines, in the negotiations with the Pope for the transfer of the church lands in the Philippines, are powerfully lucid in presentation of the doctrine of separation of Church and State. They show a disposition to deal fairly with the church and the friars. This country does not want to rob the religious orders in the Philippines, but it will not leave the orders in such lordship of land as has made the people serfs of the orders. There are some Catholics, probably, who do not like the separation of Church and State, but if those Catholics will give the matter careful thought they will discover that where the Church is most closely identified with the State it is the former that suffers by the infusion of the politics of the latter. It is very doubtful that the Roman Catholic Church is so well off under any Catholic government as it is in this country where the State has no hand at all in religious matters.



#### A Bishop Astray

BISHOP SPALDING, of Peoria, said at Detroit, the other day, that the women are responsible for three-fourths of the crime committed in the land. The bishop is wrong. The great fact of the world to-day is that it is growing better and that this betterment is largely due to the acceptance by men of the cleaner, kindlier, gentler ideals of woman. The bishop as a religionist must surely know that if the religion and charity of woman were taken from the world there would be left precious little of either.



#### Ichabod

SENATOR MCLAURIN, of South Carolina, is to be a judge of the Court of Claims, by Presidential appointment. This puts the finishing touch on McLaurin's career. He was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat. He began to vote for Republican measures, for all Republican measures. Then it was noted that Senator McLaurin's recommendations for Republican appointments in South Carolina were always acceptable. As the number of Republican appointments on McLaurin's recommendation increased, the votes of McLaurin in favor of Republican policies likewise increased in number. Now comes his appointment to a nice, fat job. This is probably the last of the pieces of silver to be paid the gentleman. When we look at such a career, and contrast it even with the vicious, violent, vituperative antics of Tillman, the colleague and antagonist of McLaurin, in South Carolina, it is absolutely impossible not to feel for Tillman a respect that increases as our contempt arises for McLaurin. At first the MIRROR did not believe that McLaurin was selling, or had sold himself, as was alleged, but the circumstantial evidence accumulated so strongly that sympathy finally veered around to the uncouth, ungenerous, braggart Tillman as being, after all, more of a man, even if in the wrong on most subjects, than his polished, but purchasable, confrere. The last vestige of respect for McLaurin vanishes with his acceptance of the judgeship. And it must be said that if any leading Republican politician thinks that the appointment of McLaurin is an incident that will benefit the Republican party in the South, that politician is a candidate for Bedlam. The South is not to be won over to Republicanism by honoring men whose honor can be bought either with places for themselves or for their friends. The South will not follow men whose Republicanism is sheer self-interest. If ever the South will take up Republican leaders those leaders will be men whose acceptance of Republican doctrines and support of Republican policies is not based upon spoils alone. The South will tolerate Republicans who are such on principle, but it will not accept men who desert their old faiths and friends and become Republicans simply for pelf.



## The Mirror

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McLaurin, unless the man in the street be mistaken, is likely to live in the Southern memory with Judas and Benedict Arnold and "the vile Scot who sold his monarch for a groat." Where is the Southern Democratic singer who can do for McLaurin what Whittier did for Webster in the poem, "Ichabod," when the great Senator deserted his principles to approve a compromise with the slave power?

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### A Boom

MARK HANNA'S boom for the Presidency is becoming greater and greater. Soon the noise will be so great that we can't hear it—like Plato's "music of the spheres." He will shortly be so popular that he cannot possibly be nominated or elected because of universal disinclination to subject his immaculate reputation to the stain involved in the simple necessity of running him against another man.

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### More World's Fair Imbecility

OUR World's Fair nabobs made a close corporation function out of the local visit of the Rochambeau-Lafayette party. They "shut out" everybody that did not belong to the inner clique of the management. This is all the more disgusting to those of us who know that the first movers to secure the visit of the distinguished French party were people not identified with the World's Fair inner clique. The first movement to secure the presence of the Rochambeau party was not made by any one of the David R. Francis-Corwin Spencer push. The World's Fair people didn't know the party was coming to this country, or later, that it had arrived. The first intimation that it would be a good idea to invite the French gentlemen and ladies was made in New York city to Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, who was most largely instrumental in bringing to National attention the importance of the visit of the French delegation. Those who conferred with Mr. Gaffney, while that gentleman was originally officiating as impressario of the incident, began to agitate for an invitation to St. Louis through the President of the Exchange and the Mayor. When the World's Fair management's attention was first called to the importance of getting the French party to come here, the said management had hardly heard that there was such a thing on the carpet as a dedication of the Rochambeau monument in Washington. It was largely through the representation of Mr. Gaffney, referred to above, that the French party was induced to see the necessity of coming West. They did not intend to see more than New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Boston and they would not have done so had it not been because of representations made to the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, in behalf of St. Louis by Mr. Gaffney at the instance of St. Louisans not identified with the World's Fair clique in anyway. Yet when the matter was brought to the attention of the World's Fair management by outsiders the management promptly proceeded to ignore the outsiders and "corral" the visitors as a sort of personal appanage. The World's Fair clique would never have had the sense to invite the guests and thus work up interest in the Fair in high French social and government circles had not others thought of the matter and outlined it to them. But the little World's Fair clique was prompt to monopolize all the glory of a temporary nearness to a Comte and a Marquis. This is on a par with the pin-headedness of the management in ignoring outsiders in the matter of securing additional ground for the Exposition. It is characteristic of the method of freezing out everybody that doesn't burn incense before a few of the officers of the World's Fair, of making the city and the Fair a mere personal advertisement for a few men of ordinary ability and extraordinary gall. No one with any sense would feel aggrieved at exclusion from the functions that signalized the visit of the French personages, but it is a legitimate criticism to say that the Fair management was guilty of contemptible smallness of spirit when it took charge of the visitors without so much as thanking the persons whose interest in the city and the Fair had prompted the invitation of the strangers before

the Fair management was aware of the opportunity to help the Fair in that way. Some of the fellows who are conspicuous in World's Fair management are not fit to run a street fair and the handling of the Rochambeau visit as well as the imbecility of the recent condemnation proceedings most emphatically demonstrate the fact.

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### A Funny Hero

GENERAL MILES appears still to have permission to draw his breath and his salary. Therefore the country is in no haste to elevate him to the position of a martyr. On the contrary, the country is coming around to an attitude of extravagant admiration of the General's queer genius for getting into trouble. That the General is equal to the task of seeing that he is never for a moment forgotten of the multitude is perfectly plain, yet we must wonder that any man should so cherish a job in which there are so many things to make him detest it. Nobody ever before seemed to get such real pleasure out of being an object of persecution as does Miles. His odd position has never been equalled outside of comic opera.

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### Kitchener

KITCHENER had better be kept away from the Coronation festivities in London, or else Edward VII will be eclipsed. Kitchener is the biggest man of England today, and at that he has not done such great things. But the things he has done, being comparatively small, show the depths to which Great Britain has fallen.

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### Vacation Playgrounds

THE papers tell us of the wonderful prosperity of St. Louis. Why, then, cannot some of the many men who have latterly made so much money devote some of it, at this season, to such a worthy charity as that inaugurated by the Vacation Playgrounds Committee? This is a good thing. It doesn't take a great deal to conduct it. It takes the children of the crowded tenement neighborhoods off the streets and from under the wheels of street cars. It takes them out of the close tenement yards and the alleys. It introduces them to baths, provided by the committee, and to exercises which while playful are educational, too. The work done in the past two seasons has been productive of splendid results. The parents of the children taken into the three playgrounds testify to it enthusiastically. The teachers in the schools say that the children who have been in the Vacation Playgrounds have been thereby brightened for school work at the end of the season. All that the committee of the Vacation Playgrounds movement wants can be obtained for a small sum. They need only a few awnings, a few loads of sand, some games with blocks, some shower bath appliances. A few hundred dollars will run a school for a whole season. A few thousand would enable the ladies who have undertaken the vacation work to open up such grounds in a half-dozen more schools. If some of the money-makers who have been so successful could be induced to visit the Shield's school vacation classes, for instance, and could see the effect of the undertaking upon the little Poles and Italians who are there being led into the way of application and cleanliness and deportment, the aforesaid money-makers would go down in their pockets and subscribe liberally. The ladies will soon make an appeal for pecuniary aid for this enterprise. The MIRROR would urge the wealthy to respond liberally when the appeal reaches them, for the work is one of the most practical charities that can be imagined, because it is hardly charity at all, save in so far as the committee devotes time to the work gratis. The children are not patronized. They are simply taken off the streets, out of physical and moral danger and they are helped to enjoyment in a rational manner. The children are taught songs, simple evolutions and mild calisthenics, the girls a little sewing. The boys are only restricted enough to prevent their indulgence in bad language and fighting and they are initiated in the joy of the plunge and the shower. Wherever there has been a vacation school, during the past two summers, the policemen on the neighboring beats are enthusi-

astic in testifying to the usefulness of the work. In many such neighborhoods working-out mothers are grateful to have their children taken care of during their absence from home. The Vacation Playground enterprise is making fine fathers and mothers for the future, saving boys from hoodlumism and girls from devious paths. The moneyed men of St. Louis cannot do a better thing than give of their recent and continuing great profits to this splendid cause.

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### The One Issue

THERE is but one issue, apparently, upon which Democrats of all sorts can unite. That is the tariff. It involves action against the trusts. It involves the government of the island possessions. War upon the tariff is fundamental Democracy.

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### World's Fair Lobsters

THE muddle over the acquisition of more ground for the World's Fair shows bad management. It indicates a lack of foresight. It tells the country that the management went ahead with the idea of holding the Fair in 1903 without even knowing where the buildings for certain displays were to be located. The owners of land near the Forest Park Fair site asked a price for their land or for leases thereof. They were treated with contempt. They were told they would have to give up their land at the Fair corporation's terms or the land would be taken from them by court proceedings. The court proceedings have failed. The Exposition company has been knocked out of court and made to appear ridiculous. The manner in which the court turned down the condemnation proceedings indicated that the methods taken by the company were lobsterian. Now the Exposition company smiles a sickly sort of smile and says it's all right and the only way out is to cut down more trees in the park. The people of St. Louis will not have the park destroyed. They will have no more trees cut down. The courts will be appealed to in order to save the trees and the courts will be responsive to earnest public opinion on the subject. The Exposition Company has displayed a colossal incompetency in the matter of securing additional ground for the site of the great display. Such a "footless" proceeding by such a huge organization, in dealing with a large matter, has never before been known, and the nonchalance with which the management evades the disgrace of a failure of foresight by saying, "oh well, we'll simply take in some more of the park," is insulting to the whole community. Men of real brains would never have put themselves in a position in such a matter to be outgeneraled in the law and outmaneuvered in the matter of real estate dealing. Men of real tact would not offend the public by falling back on a scheme to take from the people for nothing what they could not procure by their own ability. The World's Fair management has blundered so conspicuously as to be almost deserving of contemptuous pity for its ignorance.

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## THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY.

### THE DANGER OF ALUM FILTRATION.

WATER COMMISSIONER FLAD is still urging his filtration plan and wants to pass an ordinance appropriating \$1,700,000, for the installation of a mechanical filter plant. Mechanical filtration means the use of alum and lime in car-load lots. The Mayor's Expert Hydraulic Commission reported that mechanical filtration was the only method of clarifying our present water supply, and that it would require from three to three-and-a-half grains of sulphate of alumina (alum) per gallon, which means, they say, five hundred pounds of alum to every million gallons of water. The Water Commissioner's report shows that we used during the summer months last year, ninety-two million gallons of water per day. It would require, according to the Commission's figures, twenty-three tons of alum per day to clarify this amount of water. It would also require, according to the



## The Mirror

same authority, tons and tons of lime. Alum in solution in water forms sulphuric acid, which is well known to be a deadly poison. For this and other reasons urged, the Commission say that "the conclusion seems warranted that such a supply of water as would be furnished by a mechanical filtration plant with coagulation should be avoided, if possible." The Commission say that "a pure, wholesome supply of water can be obtained from the Meramec river, where future contamination is practically impossible, and that the city can carry out the gravity-plan out of the income from the water-works, without increase of water rates." They further say that "it would be unsafe to design plans for filtration of the Mississippi river water at St. Louis, without first making an exhaustive experimental investigation. Such investigation would require at least from one to two years." It should be kept in mind that all financial comparisons of the two methods of water supply have been based wholly upon future expenses, the pumping plant being allowed the use of the existing works, without charge therefor. Hence in adopting a new source of water supply and in abandoning the old one, there can be no loss of plant, or money, involved, so long as the new supply is shown to be more economical, considering future outlays only, than the continuation of the old one. Again, the pumping and filtration plan proceeds on a radically wrong theory, in that it seeks to cure or alleviate evils, rather than to avoid them. A gravity supply of water from such sources as the upper Meramec water-shed has always and everywhere been regarded as the nearest possible approach to the ideal, and granting all that can be claimed for artificial methods of purification, there is no reason to accord first place to any water which, either from natural or artificial causes has once become laden with silt and organic pollution. The Commission, therefore, is convinced that in recommending the adoption of the Meramec supply it is following a course dictated by considerations which cannot be ignored. This report was made four months ago and seems to be entirely ignored by the Water Commissioner, who insists upon forcing his ideas of filtration upon the public and altogether ignoring the report and recommendations made by this Commission, for which the city has paid twenty-five thousand dollars. The people of St. Louis are overwhelmingly opposed to the use of chemicals in the water supply. The people of St. Louis want to know why an attempt is made to shelve the majority report of the Commission in favor of an unpolluted supply of water without filtration. The Meramec water proposition has never been accorded a fair hearing by the present city officials. It has been bowled down without argument by the local daily papers. The report in its favor by two of the members of the Mayor's Commission has been practically suppressed. Let the public have all the facts about the water supply question. Let the city be not rushed into the filtration scheme when it is only an experiment and when the tendency everywhere is to regard filtration of water, on a large scale, for large cities, as a practical failure.

### MR. "DOOLEY" DUNNE.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

THE east wind that bringeth all good things landed Finley Peter Dunne on these shores, t'other day, after a three months' absence in Europe. Perhaps the moment is opportune for a glance at the man who created *Mr. Dooley* and who is to-day the most famous and popular newspaper writer in the world.

One seems to have heard of *Dooley* for so long a time that one is at first taken aback by the youthfulness of his creator. Peter Dunne—as his friends call him—is still under thirty-five—the grand climacteric of the literary man—and has no gray hairs or other sign of premature age to explain. His blue eyes sparkle brightly behind the glancing pebbles that he wears, less from need perhaps than from the literary habit. Truly Irish are these eyes,

full of changing expression, whimsical and kindly; and the smile that rarely leaves his handsome mouth discloses a set of teeth which a woman might envy. All in all, it is a genuinely Irish face of the best type, and when in moments of earnestness the mouth is compressed into a straight line, you can make no doubt of Mr. Dunne's ancestry. For the rest, this famous young man dresses quietly, as the phrase goes, and in good taste; his manner is frankly genial and self-possessed, with something of the keenness of the journalist showing through, but without a trace of the peculiar affectation that is dubbed "literary." Meeting him on Broadway, you might say that physically and sartorially, Mr. Finley Dunne looks like an attractive composite of *Sherlock Holmes* Gillette and Nat Goodwin.

Mentally, I need not say, he is himself *sui generis*, as spontaneously witty in his talk as the best of his written product. Quite unspoiled, too, by the favor of the public and the great reputation which has come to him. Acting always like the one man in company who has nothing on his mind, though the responsibility for the wit of the Irish race is now, by universal consent, placed on his shoulders. Determined, obviously, not to be "literary," not to be anything but himself, a good fellow, having a continuously good time in the best of all possible worlds.

The present writer is in a position to know that Mr. Dunne's work is more in request at this moment by the newspaper syndicates than that of any other man in America. In fact, it is "Dooley" first and the rest nowhere. During his late European trip, Mr. Dunne cut out the "Dooley" business entirely, and the syndicates were frantic. The newspapers would accept no substitute for Dunne's matter—it was "Dooley" or nobody. Even here, on the narrow island of Manhattan, it's a hard proposition to locate Mr. Finley Peter Dunne at short notice, even though you may be, in a degree, admitted to his confidence and friendship. But how to reach him on the continent of Europe, especially since he has a habit of never leaving his address? The syndicates, after much costly and futile cabling, gave it up in despair, and Mr. Dunne had the most enjoyable vacation of his life.

I suspect there is a shrewd purpose in Dunne's thus occasionally starving his vogue. Everybody knows that "Mr. Dooley" is as wise as he is witty. Evidently, he is bound that the public, noted for its fickleness, shall not have too much of him. How soon it has tired of favorites whom it were easy to name, so brief and fleeting are their generation! And what a barren, dreary, jejune thing is the echo of such reputations, loitering forlornly in newspaper offices, stale and musty and all but forgotten, like the files that are dragged into light at long intervals to verify some fact of ancient history! The many-headed newspaper public is indeed to be feared for its favor. To-day it acclaims: to-morrow it forgets. "Mr. Dooley" is both witty and wise.

Whether meditated or not, Mr. Dunne's *insouciance* with regard to publishers and publishing is one of the most naively charming of his personal traits. We have seen how he occasionally worries the syndicates. He did a worse thing to Mr. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and that ably self-sufficient young man has "never been quite the same" since the experience. Perhaps, though pretty well known, the story will bear telling again.

A couple of years ago, Mr. Bok, with characteristic penetration, concluded that "Dooley" was at the height of his vogue, and, therefore, invited him into the true Temple of Literature, i. e., the columns of the *L. H. J.* He proposed that Mr. Dunne should write a serial story of Irish-American life. He wanted it "hot off the bat"—fearing a possible decline in the fortunes of "Dooley"—and he offered to pay a fabulous price for it. Nay, more, the purse should be Dunne's before the proposed work was delivered. Such was the reckless magnanimity of Bok, let it be recorded to the eternal honor of the trade.

These terms suited Dunne to a miracle and, though chary of contracts, he fell to work at once on the money and the story. The tale was, I think, called "Mollie Donohue." It began well and went on prosperously for

three instalments. But the serial method was not happily suited to Mr. Dunne's literary inspiration and practice. Or the immediate-payment clause failed of continuous attraction; or the impatience of the journalist manifested itself. Whatever may have been the reason, the author took a sudden trip to California (where he had one of the best times of his life) and nothing more was heard of "Mollie Donohue." My impression is that Mr. Dunne sometimes regrets her untimely end—there is no room for doubt that Mr. Bok feelingly concurs with him.

The question is often asked, will not Mr. Dunne embody in some work of permanent interest the qualities which have made the popularity of *Dooley*? I don't know, and, without claiming authority to speak, doubt if he knows himself. Against such a presumption is the journalistic habit which has been his for many years—he was city editor of a Chicago newspaper at twenty and has been in harness ever since. Against it also are the conditions of his present reputation, demanding, above all, the constant exercise of the journalistic faculty. As battles were necessary to Napoleon, so "opinions" are necessary to "Dooley." The public look to him to commentate the big news of the week, the result of an election, or the issue of a campaign, or the coronation of Alfred VII. If the theme be congenial to his humor, the newspapers well know the sort of entertainment they will get, and they will pay any price for it.

Besides, it is not to be forgotten this is the day of the journalist and Mr. Dunne is contemporary to the minute. I am not sure that if he had made a genuine success of the abortive "Mollie Donohue," we should have been more gratified than we were with the last volume of "Dooley." I, for one, would not give *Dooley* for a score of recently exploited successes in fiction. And then (which is perhaps the last word) we have to reckon with a fertile and fluid wit, exigent of immediate expression and impatient of what is called literary form.

Meantime—and what a saving clause it is—we are to give thanks for "Dooley." His vogue continues unabated, not merely in America but also in England, and, indeed, wherever the English tongue is spoken. The first "Dooley" book sold over one hundred thousand—its successors have done little worse. And though the dialect sometimes perplexes the experts, I have seen a letter from a County Meath man congratulating the author upon its close fidelity to the vernacular. "Dooley" goes at any rate. In book form, in newspaper or magazine sketch, the humor and philosophy of the Sage of Ar-rchey Road are equally acceptable. Here, in New York, he is quoted on "East Side, West Side, all around the town." But his drolleries are not less current in Piccadilly and the Strand than on Fifth avenue and the Bowery. The British mind has often shown itself singularly inhospitable to American humor. It never made out Artemus Ward—it has not done much better with Mark Twain. Even the admirable Chauncey Depew fails to score with his usual brilliancy and success when his wit is transplanted to the region of Bow Bells. Not so "Mr. Dooley." The most intrenched strongholds of British Philistinism have surrendered to him. The British public both likes and understands him, though the keen shafts of his sarcasm often penetrate the national sensitiveness, as in his famous deliverances on the Boer war. Let an Irish M. P. say half as much in the House of Commons, and he would be mobbed. Even Mr. Dunne's literary endorsement in England is of the highest. The *Academy* describes the latest "Dooley" book as "superbly intelligent," and says "there is enough wit in it to stock a score of humorists." But the critic is not sure that "our old objection to hear the truth has been shelved in the case of this shrewd Irishman who intrudes his grinning visage into so many fastnesses of British seriousness and self-content."

This wonderful success which overleaps the lines of racial division is, above all things, due to the sunniest and most universal humor that has found expression in latter-day literature. "Mr. Dooley" is the most popular of humorists because even his satire lacks gall, and the milk of human kindness irrigates his rough philosophy. And no



stronger proof of this could be asked than that his humor passes current in England, though it goes there with that bait to prejudice, an Irish-American stamp upon it.

The genius of "Mr. Dooley" naturally condenses itself into epigrams, and many of these have a currency such as has rarely, if ever, been accorded to the sayings of an American humorist. Where the pudding is so liberally besprinkled with plums, it is easy and tempting to pick, and I shall not be blamed if I omit the favorites of any reader. Perhaps the following, as well as any that might be cited, show the sharp impact of a mind that has so wittily commented many phases of our National life and of contemporary history:

I'd like to've been ar-round in th' times th' historical novelists writes about—but I wudden't like to be in th' life insurance business.

'Tis a good thing th' fun'ral sermons ar-re not composed in th' confessional.

People that talk loud an' offend ye with their insolence are usu'ly shy men thryin' to get over their shyness. 'Tis th' quiet, reserved, ca'm spoken man that's mashed on himself.

A man that'd expect to thrain lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic; but a man that thinks men can be tur-rned into angels be an illiction is called a rayformer an' remains at large.

If ye live enough before thirty ye won't care to live at all after fifty.

A nation with colonies is kept busy. Look at England: she's like wan iv th' Swiss bell-ringers.

Th' nearest anny man comes to a conception iv his own death is lyin' back in a comfortable coffin with his ears cocked f'r flatth'rin remarks iv th' mourners.

What China needs is a Chinese exclusion act.

'Tis as hard f'r a rich man to enter th' kingdom iv hiven as 't is f'r a poor man to get out iv purgatory.

I care not who makes th' laws iv a nation if I can get out an injunction.

A vote on th' tally-sheet is worth two in th' box.

Thrust ivrybody—but cut th' ca-arids.

If they (the doctors) knew less about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists.

A hundred years from now Hogan may be as famous as th' Imprur Willum, an' annyhow they'll both be dead, an' that's th' principal ingreejeent iv fame.

No wan cares to hear what Hogan calls "Th' short an' simple, scandals iv th' poor."

No matter whether th' Constitution follows th' flag or not th' Supreme Court follows th' illiction returns.

To sum up: Mr. Finley Peter Dunne is in love with life, which has not dealt ungently by him, stands well in his own good opinion, is beloved by his friends and is warmly thought of by the world to whose gayety he has contributed a full share. I am glad to believe that he never vexes his merry heart with the thought that he may not yet have built his *monumentum aere perennius*. The most enviable thing about him is his talent and, next to that, his youth. When you are with him, you are most agreeably impressed by the combination and also by a certain contagious, hopeful lightheartedness which is, I dare say, part of his Irish inheritance. Besides being a genius, Finley Dunne is a good fellow and holds his friendships, as he does his fame, without compromise. I don't believe there is an atom of envy or malice in his composition. We have heard much of both these qualities as particularly attaching to men of the literary stamp, and I do verily believe that a certain stage of the literary habit tends to ossification of the nobler sympathies, ankylosis of the humane impulses and the marble heart. Finley Dunne's brain and heart are both too big for that sort of thing. I am sure he would rather do a kindness to a suffering man and brother—aye, or an erring sister-woman—than anything else in the world, say even to write a book, which Prof. Peck, Miss Gilder and others of our *literati* might agree in pronouncing "literary." He is absolutely without the "bighead," which has come to be looked on in this country as an inevitable accompaniment of the slightest literary distinction, and which was, beyond doubt, a contributory circumstance in a recent fearful tragedy. Yesterday I saw him eagerly greeted on Broadway by men of National celebrity, glad to claim a smile or handshake from the man who moves the mirth of our seventy millions. A fortnight ago he was welcomed no less warmly in London where he has as many friends as in New York.

If I were writing an interview with Mr. Dunne, I should tell you that he was received by the Pope while in Rome—think of "Dooley" in the Vatican—and that at Florence he hobnobbed with such men as Alfred Austin, Prof. Fiske and Villari, the historian. Also that he regards fighting Tim Healy as the ablest orator in the House of Commons; has a great friendship and admiration for Kipling, in spite of their mutually antagonistic patriotisms; loves Anthony Hope for his honest radicalism as well as his fine talents; thinks Justin McCarthy, *filis*, a most interesting man and a marvel of linguistic acquirements; likes to lose himself in Europe and forget that he drags "Dooley" at each remove; is fondest of Italy and Ireland, and does not presume to act the censor toward the race from which he sprang, in the manner of some literary Irishmen who might be named.

Thus without giving you an "interview"—of which he has a newspaper man's whimsical dread—you get an idea of the scope of this young man. For the creator of *Dooley* is now become a thorough cosmopolite whose cheerful coming is looked for in many foreign cities where his fame has preceded him. The Order of Good Fellows is universal—and so is Dooley-Dunne.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1902.

## CIVIC OBLIGATIONS.

KEEP YOUR OWN PLACE IN ORDER.

THE whole philosophy of the present widespread movement in behalf of beautifying the cities is contained in a little editorial recently printed in the *Kansas City Star*. The editorial brings the fact home to every citizen that the realization of the City Beautiful ideal is dependent, after all, upon the individual. The advice given the dwellers in Kansas City by the *Star* is pertinent to the dwellers in every other city in the country, but to none more than to the dwellers in St. Louis where there has always been difficulty in securing the co-operation of citizens in work for improvement. The editorial follows:

"If you have been in the habit of dumping your ashes in the alley, quit it. It is not nice, and it is not done in other up-to-date cities. Don't throw your tin fruit cans and vegetable cans about where they will disfigure the landscape. If there is a vacant lot next to where you live, don't hunt up all the old rubbish you can find to make it look like a public dumping ground. Don't take this way of letting folks know you are a reuben, for they will be apt to find out some other way.

"Don't proclaim that you were brought up where nobody had any consideration for the rights of others by sweeping your trash on the streets and sidewalks. Don't accentuate this sort of provincial indifference to public convenience and propriety by practicing it in a city. Don't be so unjust and unfair to your neighbors as to let your property run down and become shabby. It isn't right to live among folks and make yourself an offense to them. Such a disregard for the tastes and the ideas of your fellow citizens shows mighty poor breeding and a deplorable lack of education.

"There is a sort of free-and-easy way of living which can be tolerated in villages, but it doesn't go in a city where about all that neighbors care for each other is that they shall not trouble each other and do what is required to make the propinquity of people of different characteristics tolerable.

"Everybody who lives in a big city owes certain obligations to the community which he cannot slight without annoyance to those about him. One of these duties is to observe order and care about his premises. A home which is the very perfection of neatness may be thoroughly spoiled by a slouchy place adjoining it. In large centers of population where people are crowded close together, the only way to get on without irritation and discomfort is for each individual citizen to do his part toward making the general situation harmonious and agreeable—not so much

by neighborly solicitude as by a high regard for the maintenance of proper standards of living. When a city reaches this stage it may be said to be fully civilized—but not until then."

## THE TALK OF MR. HARRIMAN.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

NOW comes E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific, and proceeds to explain the *raison d'être* and purposes of railroad consolidations. Up to a few weeks ago, he kept his mouth tightly shut and refused to entertain newspaper reporters with long-winded expositions of his individual ideas and theories. He had other and more profitable things to attend to. But, ever since he has been to the Pacific Coast and made a tour of inspection over the various lines of his extensive system, Mr. Harriman has become strangely talkative and confidential. He is now interviewing himself every other day and his name is getting to be quite familiar to the average newspaper-reader. It seems that the gentleman has become imbued with his own sense of greatness and importance in the economical affairs of the country. He does not longer care to be overshadowed by Hill and Morgan. He, too, has some ideas and opinions; he, too, knows what is going on around us and the significance and trend of things. Harriman would not play second fiddle. *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*. He has broadened thoughts, and he is something to be reckoned with in the railroad and financial world. Of course, he is not as mighty as Morgan; his name is not so well-known on both sides of the Atlantic as that of his great rival, but, still, he can point to the fact that Morgan is afraid of him and has, on several occasions, been compelled to take him into consultation.

A few years ago, Harriman was hardly known outside of Wall street. His path of life was rather obscure; he speculated, like the ordinary Wall street man, played the bull and bear sides and managed to keep ahead of the game. Then he made friends, his circles enlarged and he finally emerged as a railroad-financier. He knew mighty little about the railroad business, that is, of the practical or technical side of it; but this did not prevent him from rising and acquiring a dominant role in some important railroad companies. At the present time, he does not cease to harp upon the necessity of having transportation systems controlled by people who understand the business. Does he refer to the practical, or the Wall street, end of railroad business? Of late, the Wall street end has been the most active and the most prominent. There are many railroad companies, nowadays, which are almost exclusively controlled by speculators, and the fortunes of which are guided according to stock-market exigencies. Harriman is associated with men who are running railroads for their own interests, and not those of the public. Yet, they want to be let alone; they do not want to be disturbed by legislatures, courts or kicking minority stockholders. Things will be all right as long as somebody does not become too inquisitive and desire to know what is going on; how the expense account stands; how dividends are being earned and why paid, if not earned; how they are squeezed out; how capitalization is juggled with; why other lines are being bought at ridiculously high prices; why fixed charges are being increased and why shares are being converted into mortgage bonds. These are some of the things stockholders are interested in. The public is interested in the way laws are being circumvented and set at naught, in combinations entered into for the purpose of controlling rates, in a most iniquitous system of favoritism in rebates and disreputable and open manipulation of securities.

Harriman wants the veil of secrecy to cover such things. The public should be kept at a distance and in ignorance. What does it want to know such things for, anyway? Everybody has a right to run his business as he pleases. One of the Vanderbilts was right, when, years ago, he expressed his idea of the public in a most emphatic



manner. The public should mind its own business. So far as the laws are concerned, they do not count for much. Who makes these laws? Country jays, second-rate lawyers played-out politicians or young "greenies," who know as much about railroad affairs and rates as a Hottentot knows about Helmholtz' theory of the Conservation of Force. Are such law-givers to be respected? Do they know what is right or just from a stock-jobbing standpoint?

Harriman does not believe in inquisitiveness on the part of the public or in supervision by State of National authorities. Granted that railroads are common carriers and quasi public corporations, argues he, why should that permit interference with their affairs? Who owns the railroads? The State or National Government does not own them. They are owned by private capitalists, who are anxious to do transportation business upon a profitable basis. They are "not in it for their health." They have invested their capital and expect something thereon in return. They are watching their systems, while hanging over the stock-ticker, with an anxious eye. They have their worries and troubles. Just think of all the watering of stock and manipulation they have to attend to! Why not let such busy, harrassed, progressive men alone in their pastures? It is the duty of the authorities, according to Harriman's philosophy, to permit everybody to make his living and amass wealth in any old way, just or unjust, no matter whether public rights are trampled upon or not. To run a railroad is an honest vocation, why submit it to such a great amount of vexation and supervision? The authorities could certainly find something else to bother about.

According to Harriman's conception of the eternal fitness of things, there is no right of the public over and above that of the individual or corporation. If the public gets the worst of it in its struggle with the corporation, it has itself to blame for it. It should not clamor for assistance from constituted authorities, but should leave the corporation alone. Laws are no good, anyway; they never accomplished much; they are usually based upon a combination of high-strung, unctuous phrases that mean nothing, or can be interpreted in a hundred different ways. Any cheap police-judge of the tenderloin district can knock the stuffing out of them.

The public, Harriman believes, is not entitled to any superiority over the railroad corporation. The public is there for the railroad, and not the railroad for the public. Would there be any public without railroads? The public follows the railroad, as the Constitution follows the Flag (as little Americans say) and the laws should, therefore, also follow the railroad. Is there anybody or any corporation that does a greater service to the Nation than the railroad? Without railroads the West would still be a howling wilderness and traders would still follow the Old Santa Fe Trail.

Harriman is right; there is method in this man's madness. His sophistry has the right ring to it. It represents the changed condition of affairs, the rule of might over right, the rule of the stock-jobber over the public, the rule of money over justice and common sense. This is the only rule that fits the twentieth century, at least, Harriman and his friends think so. The stock-jobber, the manipulator, the syndicate-manager—these are the men that stand for the highest type of modern financial genius. Everything and everybody else may be ignored. Perhaps the raving Nietzsche had Morgan and Harriman in his mind, when he dwelt upon the qualities of his *Uebermensch*.

Harriman has already done some wonderful things, that is to say, in his and Wall street's opinion. Last year, he engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Morgan, and succeeded in lifting the price of Northern Pacific common shares to \$1,000, at which several hundred shares changed hands. The same stock sold at \$3 per share only a few years ago. Morgan had to buckle under and compromise with his doughty antagonist, the result of the compromise being the Northern Securities Company. Since then, Harriman has risen steadily in the estimation of speculators. The flattery and adulation lavished upon him seem to have somewhat unbalanced his reasoning powers. He has got-

ten "stuck on himself" and his ideas. He alone knows what he knows; everybody else does not know anything. He is *Sir Oracle*; he has the Sybilline wisdom. Wisdom will die with him. Harriman should scrutinize himself closely and recover from his infatuation with himself. Money-power and temporary success do not furnish the key to all understanding and knowledge. Stock-jobbers are not likely to usher in the millennium.

Harriman declares that he does not approve of consolidation, but that it cannot be prevented. Consolidation is inevitable, he says. It has been made inevitable through what happened in Wall street in the last few years. Besides, there was such a big amount of money in it. It thrust greatness upon Harriman, Gates and others. Consolidation is so handy for use by would-be magnates. It covers such a multitude of things that should not be known. It fits in perfectly with the general trend of affairs. Hill was right when he said it is all evolution. Harriman and Hill believe in evolution, because it swelled their bank-account; they believe in anything that is promising profits. Harriman asserts that consolidation is not the proper thing; he does not like it, yet he abhors and shrinks from State or National interference with his companies. He knows that he and his colleagues are engaged in something that is not entirely to be approved of, and, for that very reason, condemns investigation by the authorities.

Wall street begot stock-jobbing; stock-jobbing begot cliques; cliques begot schemes; schemes begot consolidation. This is the genesis of developments in the railroad world since 1898. Perhaps it should have come that way; perhaps it is natural evolution. Hill says it is and Hill ought to know. And Harriman endorses every word uttered by Hill, and we have, therefore, no right to continue in our skeptical attitude. When two gentlemen of this kind, with such a powerful pull and influence and such a number of trust companies and banks behind them, utter their ultimatum, their own individual opinion, let everybody else lay his hand upon his mouth. Hill and Harriman have spoken; that settles it. Silence there, in the rear!

### A FELINE OUTLAW.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE outlaw tom-cat of the cities is not a unique character, nor can he be regarded wholly as an outcast, either of his tribe or of mankind, for, though he may have no fixed place of abode, though he may lurk o'days in lumber piles and abandoned cellars and prowl the nights, venturesome for love and war, yet he is not without the esteem and clandestine companionship of Tabbies who "have homes," nor is he an infrequent guest at the back doors of saloons and restaurants where human night-walkers and pariahs of his own sex share with him of that bounty for which no errant gallant works.

But there is here on this farm a lithe, sleek cat—I call her Hagar—who lives apart from her kind, will have no favors from us superior beings, sleeps in a sort of vine-hid villa in the woods and spends her days loitering about the fields with the roosters of which, by the way, there are quite too many for that domestic tranquility which should dominate every well-regulated barn-yard. She preys upon frogs, snakes and lizards and, I suppose, would not disdain field-mice. But she holds aloof from the kitchen and seems to be despised of the domesticated cats which hover thereabouts all day. Indeed she seldom approaches the house except when her strutting body-guard of plumed cockerels venture home at evenings, and then she sits ruefully upon the outer fence as if loath to part with her squires.

Carl, the farmer, tells me that Hagar is the only grown member of his cat colony that has brought forth no kittens.

"She took up with chickens when she was a month old," says he, "and if it hadn't been for the hens she'd a-stayed round the house more. Hens never did have any use for her. One of 'em pecked that notch out of her ear when she was a kitten. She done her best to keep in with 'em, but every time she'd catch a grasshopper or a beetle, they'd

hop on her and run her. Pretty soon she come to notice that the roosters wouldn't bother her and she's been keepin' comp'ny with them six young cockerels for nigh a year now."

The first time I saw Hagar she was wandering through a young wheatfield with her feathered escort. They cluttered and hovered about her with as much gallantry as if she had been the plumpest, prettiest pullet that ever preened a wing. And she responded too, purring as she rubbed her jowl against their shining hackles and dividing her favors amongst them with impartial diplomacy. I have seen her sitting on a log in the woods, blinking at the sun, her favorite rooster picking the burrs out of her coat—a sort of queen of brigands, holding court in the forest. For this squad of barnyard bravos have also been driven into vagabondage by the established tyrants of the hennerly. A shawl-neck baron with one eye and a Paladin of Plymouth Rock, whose toes were frozen off in the winter of 1900, lord it over the two harems into which the feminine community has divided itself, and thus far, none of Hagar's knights errant have been bold enough to measure beak and spur with these war-worn feudal cocks. They are not even permitted to feed in peace about the yard, and woe betide the adventurous springald that essays to flirt with the portly fair ones of the seraglios.

But if the other cats despise this Hagar of mine, the hens hate and fear her and I think there is something in this antipathy which expresses jealous envy for the female, whether cat or chicken, that can win and hold for herself the loyalty and service of so many young and comely cavaliers. But it is the matrons of the flock, the bustling mothers, the hens of family, the "respectable element," that wage fiercest war upon the outcast cat. And of them, and only them, is she evasive. She will snarl and strike at an aggressive hen without chicks, but let a ruffled mother rush at her and Hagar will bound nimbly upon the fence or scamper up a tree without an effort at reprisal. There she will sit, wistfully lonely, watching till the brood has decamped, when she will return to her comrades, luring them away into some sylvan shade where grubs and woodlice abound and where neither cats, nor chickens, nor men are like to intrude upon.

I have watched her on one of these adventurous forays, lead her hesitating squadron into boggy fens, leaping gracefully across the puddles in advance and penetrating dank, vine-shadowed, bowers where the light is dim and green at midday, where tadpoles wriggle in the ooze and toothsome angle-worms and luscious snails writhe and creep upon the water-logged snags and moss-furred rocks. No snake is too quick for her lightning dashes, no frog too spry for her sudden attack, provided she catch either so much as a yard from the sheltering water, and she will slay her quarry and hold it for her companions as if daring them to adventures and schooling them to deeds of havoc. And though they will have none of her savage provender, preferring the languid snail and the defenceless grasshopper, yet there is one amongst them, a springy bully, with the marks of an Irish Gray descent, that will strike wickedly at a blue-racer or small black-snake, and crow over a slain bull-frog with a boastful bravado that is not lost upon the hero-loving Hagar. And yet, I cannot see what vantage there is to be for her in this training of a champion. One of these fine days I expect to see him flaunt the gauge of battle at the one-eyed Shawl-neck or the club-footed Plymouth Rock, raping the harem gallantly at last and in his triumph forgetting Hagar and the brigands of his callow days. I saw him this morning, like a love-lorn laggard, laying a belated June-bug at the fair feet of a very blonde lady of Langshan whom he had surprised behind the cider-mill, and when old Plymouth Father furiously rushed him, he stood his ground quite valiantly until the frightened pullet had made off with his love-token, when he retreated in good order to make his peace I doubt not, with his neglected patroness.

But there is promise of new recruits to take the place of those who may desert this outlaw queen and, though I have absolutely no index or knowledge of the language or



## CRITICS WHO WRITE PLAYS.

BY WILL A. PAGE.

means of communication among even so commonplace and familiar a tribe as the barn-yard fowls, I venture to believe that these six free-companions of the exiled Hagar seldom go to roost or to their morning sally without descending and perhaps exaggerating in the regular masculine fashion, upon the forbidden joys, the brave adventures and the strange encounters of their travels. I suppose they rave about the charms of Hagar and the favors they have had at her hands, boasting of their own achievements as courtiers, as nimrods and as hunters of the jungles into which she has led them. Certain it is that at least one half-grown rooster is ambitious to join her standard, though he met an adventure to-day that must have cooled his ardor even while it enhanced the tender fame in which he holds the cat.

This precocious coxcomb is scarce free of his leading strings. Some of his less confident brothers and sisters yet follow their mother about the place, but nothing will hit him except the airs of a full-grown cock, and a most bumptious, assertive youngster he seems to be. Sometimes he will jump upon a potato-crate and make such an effort to crow as would set the whole yard laughing if chickens could but laugh, and I saw him the other day kicking his wing at an old hen, much as a flirtatious boy wigwags his hand at a "feasible" girl. She stared at him incredulously for a second, (I think she was his aunt) and then gave him a vigorous jab with her well-ground beak. Like the bad boy who is set upon at home, he made off down the road after Hagar and her vagabonds, and for a time I thought that he was to be received by the Irish Gray as a sort of equerry or squire of the body. I watched them down along the deserted road which is here lined with unfenced strawberry patches, Hagar stepping daintily along the top rail of the old stake-and-rider fence and her six gallants foraging among the plants with the runaway youngster at their heels.

But suddenly a dark, silent shadow fell swooping from the sky at the margin of the overhanging woods. "A hawk! A hawk!" shrieked the six roosters, darting through the fence for cover. The biggest and boldest of them thrust his head into a pile of drifted leaves, some ran squawking into the thicket, and the poor little prodigal, panic-stricken and piping shrilly for his mother, started for home as fast as his legs could carry him. The hawk was upon him in a jiffy, but just as quick came Hagar, leaping from her fence-porch, her tail broadened with fury, her mane bristling as she pounced upon the murderer's back. Over they rolled in the dust; the feathers flew, the great birds wings smiting like a flail, but the rescued stripling running for shelter. I think that hawk might have carried Hagar off with him, but he was glad enough to shake her from his back, and as he sailed screaming away into the blue, she stood snarling upon her haunches, disappointed hatred in her eyes, her tail thrashing about her loins, her attitude a challenge to the coward coyote of the skies.

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## THE CHOPIN PLAYER.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE sounds torture me: I see them in my brain;  
They spin a flickering web of living threads,  
Like butterflies upon the garden beds,  
Nets of bright sound. I follow them: in vain.  
I must not brush the least dust from their wings;  
They die of a touch; but I must capture them,  
Or they will turn to a caressing flame,  
And lick my soul up with their flutterings.

The sounds torture me: I count them with my eyes,  
I feel them like a thirst between my lips;  
Is it my body or my soul that cries  
With little colored mouths of sound, and drips  
In these bright drops that turn to butterflies  
Dying delicately at my finger-tips?

AT frequent intervals one finds in the theatrical columns of the daily papers such paragraphs as the following:

The writing of plays, except as a pastime, is the most unprofitable business an ambitious mind can venture upon. The majority of managers are disqualified, by lack of fundamental culture and education, from passing intelligent judgment on new plays. Those qualities are usurped in the average managerial mind by superstition and it takes the form of blind faith in those who, by chance or otherwise, have won success. Yet the New York managers are constantly deploring the lack of plays that are fit to present.

This extract I copy from a recent issue of the *Washington Post*. Its dramatic critic has, for more than a year past, been printing similar remarks about the lack of intelligence on the part of managers. Other dramatic critics have had similar outbreaks. The *Post* man is simply an aggravated case. Other dramatic critics will tell you the same thing in another way.

Why is it dramatic critics are so passionate upon the one subject of the unrecognized playwright? They never juggle their vocabularies over the unrecognized actor or actress. They never worry about scenic artists. They never think of the unrecognized theatrical manager who may spend the best years of his life seeking a good play with which to establish his fortune and reputation. Why so much solicitude, so much indignation, for the unrecognized playwright?

Listen, and I will tell you the secret. These critics all write plays themselves.

THEY are the unrecognized playwrights whose woes their columns lament. That is why they feel so keenly the pain of the rejected MS.

I can name off-hand, from the few opportunities I have had for observation, at least one dozen American dramatic critics who have tried to write plays, and failed. These same critics have been the most outspoken of those who rail against modern theatrical managers.

Take the case of the *Washington Post* man himself. His name is Schrader. I have known him for some years. A nice fellow, a brilliant newspaper writer, a clever man in many ways, but, upon the subject of play-writing, a perfect Marat. Mention a play, and his eyes gleam instantly. You have heard of these ghastly seances, when an author has you in his clutches, planted in a chair, face to face with him, and inflicts upon you the torture of the manuscript. Well, my friend Schrader has read me three of his plays. Two were society comedies, one a comic opera. That was seven years ago, and he has written more since then. Alas, not one has ever been produced. In Washington, in the little coffee house of "The Broken Shutter," Schrader will talk to you by the hour on the down-trodden playwright. Marat, I tell you; he is a perfect Marat on the subject of art.

I knew another dramatic critic [once, Willard Holcomb. He also wrote plays. He once read me a comedy he had written. With that comedy he pursued an eminent comedian for at least five years. Then the comedian died. Holcomb told me, last month, that he had finally concluded E. H. Sothorn would have to produce the comedy.

In Philadelphia the critic of the *Press* has written seven plays. I understand that Liebler & Company have promised to produce one of them next season.

Ernest F. Boddington, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, wrote essays on the decay of dramatic art. Meanwhile he wrote plays. One of his plays, a dramatization of "To Have and To Hold," was the most spectacular failure of the season which ended a year ago. Mr. Boddington still writes sad essays and new plays.

In Chicago, Elwyn Barron wrote plays and plays, between whiles writing columns on the subject of the unrecognized genius. Finally, E. S. Willard produced one of Barron's plays. It failed.

The Sunday editor of a New York newspaper is an intimate friend of mine. I respect his work, except when he tries to write plays. Every little while he prints a page story, dealing with the woes of dramatists who are unknown.

Franklyn Fyles, of the New York *Sun*, also writes plays. He was co-author with David Belasco of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a very successful play, though the principal situation was stolen from Boucicault's "The Relief of Lucknow." Then Fyles tried writing plays alone. He has written four since then, yet not one was a success.

Paul Wiltach, while a New York newspaper man, tried in vain to write successful plays. Then he became an advance agent, spent several years around theaters, and has just turned out his first successful play.

A former critic of my acquaintance once tried to elevate the stage by writing plays. He was at that time critic of the *Washington Times*. His attacks upon managers were quoted all over the country. He was the sharpest and "sassiest" imitator of Alan Dale to be found outside New York. Then the theatrical syndicate withdrew its advertising from his newspaper, and this high-art critic was dismissed. He has written no less than twenty plays, and one of them has really been acted by a society of amateurs.

And there are many others.

All of these writers hold, or did hold, positions such that managers must listen to them patiently. No manager will deliberately offend a dramatic critic if only language and sweet flatteries will soothe. Mr. Daniel Frohman, for instance, always returns a manuscript with a lovely little note of thanks and apology. Three different playwrights have shown me letters from Mr. Frohman highly praising their manuscripts, yet expressing regret that it is not exactly suited to his needs. The language was the same in each note.

But even soft soap will become hard in time. Playwrights who have passed their manuscripts around among managers, and have heard from each the same chorus of enthusiastic praise mingled with expressions of regret, may perhaps be pardoned for venting their spleen in little newspaper paragraphs descriptive of the woes of unacted dramatists.

It is an easy way to work off steam.

But now to get down to brass tacks. We have heard the critics'—I mean the playwrights'—side. They claim no writer who is unknown can get a play produced, unless he be one man in a thousand. What of the managers? Are they to have no voice in the matter?

Take the case of Charles Frohman, easily the most successful manager of the decade. The worst accusation that can be made against him, is that he has made money. In ten years he has piled up a fortune by presenting plays. He has had many failures, but he owes his prosperity to his phenomenal instinct in selecting plays. Suppose Mr. Schrader sent Mr. Frohman a play, and Mr. Frohman returned it with a polite note stating that it was not exactly suited to his needs. Is that a sufficient excuse for Mr. Schrader publicly to complain that unacted dramatists cannot obtain recognition? Is the intelligence of a twenty-dollars-a-week dramatic critic to be accepted as superior to that of a manager whose sound judgment on plays gives him an income of \$150,000 a year?

Another point. Are we sure the unacted dramatists can produce anything worth while? The New York *World*, some years ago, offered \$1,000 for a prize play. Martha Morton, an unknown woman, received the award for a play called "The Merchant." How many theater-goers have seen "The Merchant?"

The New York *Herald*, jealous, offered a similar prize, the next year, for the best one-act play. "Chums" won the prize. It is a stupid farce and the author has never done anything since.

Last fall *Town Topics*, of New York, offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best play. Three dramatic critics, of New York, with David Belasco, passed judgment upon the entries. They selected a play called "Chivalry," in which



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a Southern negro was burned at the stake for an assault upon a white woman. No one has yet ventured to present this play.

In Baltimore, last winter, I conducted a similar contest for an actress who wished to find a play for a starring tour, and was willing to pay liberally. I read 250 manuscripts and passed them over to the judges, three dramatic critics. Before the contest was half over, two of the judges privately admitted to me that they thought the entries all bad, but that they had written several good plays themselves, and were sorry they could not enter them in the contest.

Of the 250 manuscripts submitted, nearly fifty came from dramatic critics. A Pittsburg critic sent me eight manuscripts. A New Orleans critic sent three plays. And there were others.

The prize went to a Canadian lawyer who had never worked on a newspaper. Even his play was not a great success. It had some good points but was weak on construction.

Who are the people, then, who can write good plays?

Well, a certain percentage of good and successful playwrights have been newspaper men. Newspaper training is an excellent preparation for playwriting, but the mere ability to criticize and tear down, does not necessarily carry with it the ability to construct and to create. A good critic is usually a poor playwright. The most successful of our playwrights who formerly were on newspapers were obscure reporters.

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### THE THREE BEST THINGS.

#### WORK.

LET me but do my work, from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—  
"This is my work: my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right way":

Then shall I see it not too great nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

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#### LIFE.

Let me but live my life, from year to year,  
With forward face and unreluctant soul,  
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;  
Not mourning for the things that disappear  
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear  
From what the future veils; but with a whole  
And happy heart, that pays its toll  
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,  
New friendships, high adventure and a crown,  
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

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#### LOVE.

Let me but love my love without disguise,  
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,  
Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,  
Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,  
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;

But what I am, to that let me be true,  
And let me worship where my love is due,  
And so through love and worship let me rise:

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst  
To be completely known and all forgiven,  
Even as sinful souls that come to heaven;  
So take me, love, and understand my worst,  
And pardon it, for love, because confessed,  
And let me find in thee, my love, my best.

Henry Van Dyke, in Outlook.

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### LE PAYS DE REVENANTS.

BY S. O. HOWES.

THE sudden ruin that has befallen St. Pierre, Martinique, has riveted the attention of the civilized world upon this little known possession of France in the West Indies, and the reissue by Harper Bros. of Lafcadio Hearn's marvelous pictures of travel is both timely and welcome.

This wonderful impressionist, who needs for palette but white paper and black ink to evolve divine harmonies of color, after a two months' cruise in the West Indian waters, returned to Martinique for a few months' further stay; but so potent was the charm that he remained for two years a willing captive. The fruit of this two years' sojourn is a volume of papers that treat intimately and charmingly of a life alien to our own. Nowhere, outside of the pages of Gautier, do written characters burst before the eye into rockets of glowing color and rare perfume. Gautier delighted in three things: gold, marble and purple: brilliancy, solidity and color. He had no eye for spiritual beauty; he was a pagan transplanted on Gallic soil and was blind to all save sense alone, of which he was the true interpreter. Hearn, a strange blending of Celt and Greek, while possessing all of Gautier's opulence of color and sensitiveness to physical beauty, sees also the soul in things, and his profound human sympathy, his depth of feeling and power to portray the hidden springs of action establish him the Frenchman's superior. In writing of his work it is a sore temptation to stray off into the many by-paths that tell of the man himself; his delightful rendering of Chinese and other Oriental folklore tales, his mosaics of Japanese life, his interesting compilation of Creole proverbs, his eccentric adventures in journalism in Cincinnati and New Orleans, of which apocryphal stories are told, but the Martinique sketches have now the centre of the stage.

The irresistible charm of the island won for it the poetical name that heads this review. "The Country of Comers-back," and yet the word *revenants* has another meaning, equally applicable, "The Land of Ghosts," "Almost every promontory and peak, every village and valley along the coast has its special folklore, its particular tradition. Almost every plantation has its familiar spirits, its phantoms: some may be unknown beyond the particular district in which fancy first gave them being; but some belong to popular song and story, to the imaginative life of the whole people." Bits of folklore, superstitious legends and quaint conceits of this lovable, child-like people abound in the book. Great praise for his wisdom and courage is given Pere Labat, a Dominican father, who more than two hundred years ago came over from Paris and wrought much good in the island by his administrative ability and his energy in establishing reforms. Since then the abolition of slavery and political changes have greatly altered conditions. "And all that ephemeral man has had power to change has been changed,—ideas, morals, beliefs, the whole social fabric. But the eternal summer remains, and the Hesperian magnificence of azure sky and violet sea, and the jewel-colors of the perpetual hills; the same tepid winds that rippled the canefields, two-hundred years ago, still blow over Sainte-Marie; the same purple shadows lengthen and dwindle and turn with the wheeling of the sun. God's witchery still fills this land, and the heart of the stranger is even yet snared by

the beauty of it; and the dreams of him that forsakes it will surely be haunted—even as were thine own, Pere Labat—by memories of its Eden-summer, the sudden leap of the light over a thousand peaks in the glory of tropic dawn, the perfumed peace of enormous azure noons and shapes of palm wind-rocked in the burning of colossal sunsets and the silent flickering of the great fire-flies through the lukewarm darkness, when mothers call their children home."

Perhaps the most striking feature of Martinique life is the multifarious gradations of tint shown in the skin of the inhabitants. "And as you observe the bare backs, bare shoulders, bare legs and arms and feet, you will find that the colors of flesh are even more varied and surprising than the colors of fruit. Nevertheless, it is only with fruit-compare; the only terms of comparison used by the colored people themselves being terms of this kind, such as *peau-chapottille*, 'sapota-skin.' Sapota or sapotille is a juicy brown fruit with a rind satiny like a human cuticle and just the color, when flushed and ripe, of certain half-breed skins. But among the brighter half-breeds, the colors are, I think, much more fruit-like; there are banana-tints, lemon-tones, orange-hues, with sometimes such a mingling of ruddiness as in the pink ripening of a mango. Agreeable to the eye the darker skins certainly are, and often very remarkable, all clear tones of bronze being represented, but the brighter tints are absolutely beautiful. Standing perfectly naked at door-ways, or playing naked in the sun, astonishing children may sometimes be seen—banana-colored or orange babies. There is one rare race-type, totally unlike the rest; the skin has a perfect gold-tone, an exquisite metallic yellow; the eyes are long and have long, silky lashes; the hair is a mass of thick, rich, glossy curls that show blue lights in the sun. . . . All this population is vigorous, graceful, healthy; all you see passing by are well made—there are no sickly faces, no scrawny limbs. . . . "Frugal diet is the cause of this physical condition," a young French professor assures me. "All these men," he says, "live upon salt codfish and fruit." But frugal living alone could never produce such symmetry and saliency of muscles; race-crossing, climate, perpetual exercise, healthy labor—many conditions must have combined to cause it. Also it is certain that this tropical sun has a tendency to dissolve spare flesh, to melt away all superfluous tissue, leaving the muscular fibre dense and solid as mahogany."

In the adornment of their persons a love for barbaric splendor is shown, mingled with a fine sense of color-values. "Some of these fashions suggest the Orient: they offer beautiful audacities of color-contrast; and the full-dress coiffure, above all, is so strikingly Eastern that one might be tempted to believe it was first introduced into the colony by some Mohammedan slave. It is merely an immense Madras handkerchief, which is folded about the head with admirable art, like a turban, one bright end pushed through at the top in front being left sticking up like a plume. Then this turban, always full of bright, canary-color, is fastened with golden brooches, one in front and one at either side. As for the remainder of the dress, it is simple enough: an embroidered, low-cut chemise with sleeves; a skirt or jupe, very long behind, but caught up and fastened in front below the breasts so as to bring the hem everywhere to a level with the long chemise; and finally a foulard, or silken kerchief, thrown over the shoulders. These jupes and foulards, however, are exquisite in pattern and color: bright crimson, bright yellow, bright blue, bright green, lilac, violet, rose—sometimes mingled in plaidings or checkerings or stripings: black with orange, sky-blue with purple. And whatever be the colors of the costume, which vary astonishingly, the coiffure must be yellow-brilliant, flashing yellow; the turban is certain to have yellow stripes or yellow squares. To his display add the effect of costly and curious jewelry."

The approach of night, sudden and sinister, unheralded by twilight's soft glow, is pictured in these words: "In these tropical latitudes night does not seem to fall, to descend over the many-peaked land: it appears to rise up,



## The Mirror



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like an exhalation, from the ground. The coast-lines darken first, then the slopes and the lower hills and valleys become shadowed; then, very swiftly, the gloom mounts to the heights, whose very loftiest peak may remain glowing like a volcano at its tip for several minutes after the rest of the island is veiled in blackness and all the stars are out."

The statue of Josephine, at Fort de France, gave his fancy wings. "I went to look at the white dream of her there, a creation of master-sculptors. It seemed to me absolutely lovely.

"Sea winds have bitten it; tropical rains have streaked it; some microscopic growth has darkened the exquisite hollow of the throat. And yet such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence. Perhaps the profile is less artistically real, statuesque to the point of betraying the chisel; but when you look straight up into the sweet, Creole face, you can believe she lives; all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there.

"She is standing just in the center of the Savane, robed in the fashion of the First Empire, with gracious arms and shoulders bare; one hand leans upon a medallion bearing the eagle profile of Napoleon. Seven tall palms stand in a circle around her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropic day. Within their enchanted circle you feel that you tread holy ground, the sacred soil of artist and poet; here the recollections of memoir-writers vanish away; the gossip of history is hushed for you; you no longer care to know how rumor has it that she spoke or smiled or wept; only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin, soft, swaying shadows of those feminine palms. Over violet space of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she is looking back to the place of her birth, back to beautiful drowsy Trois-Islets, and always with the same half-dreaming, half-plaintive smile—unutterably touching."

Photography conveys but poorly, or not at all, the

glow and warmth of a canvas of Velasquez. And so it would require the pen of a Hearn adequately to depict the charm of the book. One less gifted must fall back upon quotations, nor will that detract from the reader's pleasure in the book, for it contains more than four hundred pages, every one of which is a surprise and a delight. The descriptions are not solely rhapsodies of the artist-poet. There is much valuable information, all so vivified by the author's personal touch as to leave definite and ineffaceable pictures on the mind—pictures of the awful, primal forces of nature where the work of creation and the work of destruction operate ceaselessly side by side; pictures of the manners and home-life of a people whose gentle natures still retain some of the savage traditions of their African ancestors. The chapter, that at this time is of most absorbing interest, is "La Pelee." This mountain, whose recent awakening from a long trance caused so much consternation, is more than 5,000 feet high, and is, or was, cultivated with cane-fields and manioc plantations up to 2,500 feet. Above this is a belt of wild cane, wild guava, guinea grass and other tough growths. Then comes the primal forest, when at last cloudlands and the peaks are reached. "Even in bulk, perhaps," he says, "Pelee might not impress those who know the stupendous scenery of the American ranges; but none could deny it special attractions—appealing to the senses of form and color. There is an imposing fantasticality in its configuration worth months of artistic study; one does not easily tire of watching its slopes undulating against the north sky, and the strange jaggling of its ridges, and the succession of its terraces crumbling down to other terraces, which again break into ravines here and there bridged by enormous buttresses of basalt: an extravaganza of lava-shapes overpitching and cascading into sea and plain. All this is verdant wherever surfaces catch the sun; you can divine what the frame is only by examining the dark and ponderous rocks of the torrents. And the hundred tints of this verdure do not form the only

colorific charms of the landscape. Lovely as the long, up reaching slopes of cane are, and the loftier bands of forest-growths, so far off that they look like belts of moss, and the more tender-colored masses above, wrinkling and folding together up to the frost-white clouds of the summit, you will be still more delighted by the shadow-colors, opulent, diaphanous. The umbrages lining the wrinkles, collecting in the hollows, slanting from sudden projections, may become before your eyes as unreally beautiful as the landscape colors of a Japanese fan; they shift most generally during the day from indigo-blue through violets and paler blues to final lilacs and purples; and even the shadows of passing clouds have a faint, blue tinge when they fall on Pelee. The first physical joy of finding oneself on this point in violet air, exalted above the hills, soon yields to other emotions inspired by the mighty vision and the colossal peace of the heights. Dominating all, I think, is the consciousness of the awful antiquity of what one is looking upon, such a sensation, perhaps, as of old found utterance in that tremendous question of the Book of Job: 'Wast thou brought forth before the hills?' And the blue multitude of the peaks, the perpetual congregation of the mornes, seem to chorus in the vast splendence, telling of Nature's eternal youth, and the passionless permanence of that about us and beyond us and beneath, until something like the fulness of a great grief begins to weigh at the heart. For all this astonishment of beauty, all this majesty of light and form and color, will surely endure, marvelous as now, after we shall have lain down to sleep where no dreams come, and may never rise from the dust of our rest to look upon it."

Space will not permit of more than casual reference here to the tenderness and devotion of the natives, the regal splendor of the sunsets, the quaint and queer: tasting fruits and vegetables, the gem-like brilliance of the varicolored fishes, but enough has been said, I trust, to make all who read at once desire to possess themselves of a copy of "Two Years in the West Indies."



## SPOILIATION OF FOREST PARK.

BY CHARLES A. TODD.

The MIRROR has been a good friend to the Exposition in that it exposes without fear, when necessary, damaging action or non-action on the part of its Board of Management. This Board assumes dictatorial powers and in its treatment of Forest Park has shown utter contempt for law and public sentiment, as well as for the proper function of a great park. The President of the Board of Public Improvements, in addressing the committee of the House of Delegates in support of the proposed ordinance granting the use of Forest Park to the Exposition (which, as all remember, was, naturally, bitterly opposed) declared that "the ordinance requires the World's Fair Commissioners to place the Park in the condition in which they found it, when they are through with it." Also, the Forest Park Site Association assured the Exposition Committee that outside the Park site there was to be had 432 acres (making a total of 1,120 acres); "the slight incumbrance in the way of the use of land tributary to the Park could be readily removed." These guarantees, by ordinance and by the Forest Park Site promoters indorsed by the Exposition Committee, allayed the public opposition to the use of Forest Park, which was, consequently, allowed on those conditions.

What is the state of things to-day in regard to the Exposition which positively was to be in complete order by May, 1903, as President Francis and the Board asserted over and over again? When the Park site was publicly announced *not an acre* had been secured outside the small park territory. The Board of Management then annexed the Washington University grounds—a measure, in view of subsequent events, of more than questionable advantage to the university.

Next came the condemnation suit against the Catlin tract people, which failed. President Francis sold out his interest in the Colorado Railroad, made especially valuable through the special Exposition privileges and, we may reasonably suppose, made money. The owners of the Catlin tract thought their opportunity a good one, and so have held on to it. The public, through the various assurances above stated, confidently and rightfully expected that every foot of land needed would have been secured at the outset, as an ordinary business precaution—especially as so great an enterprise was involved. Now to the point, in which not only the future of the city's choicest possession, Forest Park, but also the credit of the Exposition itself as a grand object-lesson in the advance of the Nation in civilization and all the evidences of the highest enlightenment, are at stake—here the aid of the MIRROR is invoked. On the failure of the Catlin suit President Francis says: "The Exposition Management will have to cut down a great many more trees in Forest Park." Director of Works, Taylor, agrees and calmly adds: "The Park would suffer, (*vide reports in the Republic and Globe-Democrat*); intimating, thereby, that the wholesale destruction of trees and lawn surface that under his direction has been effected in the northwest part of the park, will be extended over the whole western part. Now this would be done in utter contempt of law, of the special ordinance enacted to prescribe the manner of the use of the park by the Exposition. The Board, in its

attitude towards the people of St. Louis, wishes to play the part of the camel in the fable, who begged permission to put its head under the tent for shelter—then forced its body in and promptly kicked the owner out. What aggravates the matter is, that there is an abundance of vacant land about the park site besides the Catlin track, so that the threat of destruction to the park seems simply brutal and uncalled for. The citizens have given the Exposition the enormous sum of ten millions, besides the free use of half the park, subject only to the condition, due themselves and their posterity, that it shall be unharmed. A very small part of this sum, intelligently expended, would have perfected the park as a place of public enjoyment and glory to the end of time. France and Germany, for generations, have made the care of tree-life a matter of the greatest public concern. In France, I believe, no man may cut down a tree on his own land without official permission. What must have been the secret thoughts of our late distinguished German and French visitors as they viewed the devastation in Forest Park! In spite of the law, expressly enacted to protect the park, even now, only the power that through ages shaped the pleasant hills and built-up the great trees, can make good the ruin already ruthlessly accomplished.

As regards the lawless threat of Messrs. Francis and Taylor, a brief quotation from an article written by the able pen of Mr. Stevens, now secretary of the Exposition, dated April 26th, 1901, and printed in the *Globe-Democrat*, will give a solemn warning both to the Exposition Board and to our citizens. The article is on the choice of a site, and sets forth, in the most forcible manner, the great harm that resulted in Chicago from the use of park territory by the Fair. When the Columbian Fair Board took steps to settle with the Park Board "they were met with the declaration that the park had suffered very greatly in the destruction of trees. It was asserted that the excavations had destroyed lawns and by the mixture of soils had made restoration of them impossible. The road-ways laid out in the World's Fair plan of improvements were declared to be worse than valueless. The controversy ended in the transfer of the park, with twenty-seven exhibition buildings, etc., etc., and \$200,000 cash. The directors subsequently congratulated themselves and the stock-holders on having made a good bargain, at the expense of the city. We should suppose, perforce, that this park site was something extraordinarily noble and beautiful. Mr. Stevens thus describes it: "It was a park only in name. Two-thirds of the tract was without beginning of improvement, a collection of sand heaps, with marshy stretches between and a dearth of bushes and trees. The site was as unpromising as could be well imagined." Compare this picture with our lovely Forest Park! Now do Messrs. Francis and Taylor expect that St. Louis will allow its express law to be laughed at and our park ruined?

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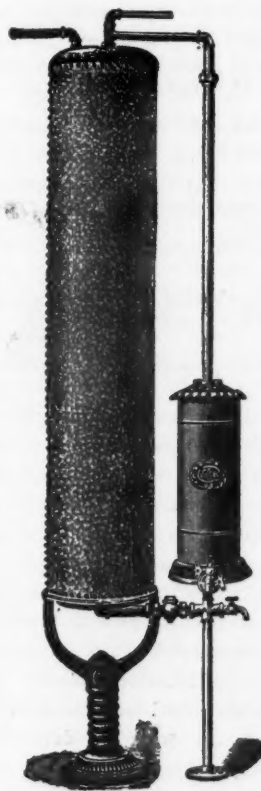
*Young Husband:* (to wife): "Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you?" *Young Wife:* "I know, that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!"

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mrs. Joseph Boyce and family will summer at Mackinac.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephrim Catlin will summer at Jamestown, R. I.

Mrs. H. M. Noel will sail shortly for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. J. B. Johnson will spend the summer at her cottage at Jamestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clifford will pass the summer at Petoskey, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Benoist have gone to Europe for a year of travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper W. Sheldon will leave, next week, for Charlevoix.

Mrs. Lacy Crawford is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Frank Roth, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Adderson are located at their cottage at Grand Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker have gone to their cottage at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Mrs. Saunders Foster and Mrs. Will Barnett have taken a cottage at Wequetonsing.

Mayor and Mrs. Wells and Miss Maude Wells have a cottage at Cape May for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Houser will leave, the latter part of June, for their Wequetonsing cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Benoist have opened their Jamestown cottage and are settled for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. McLure will leave soon, for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. an Catlin and daughters sailed, a short time ago, for England to attend the Coronation.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Blackwell have gone for a Northern tour, and will summer at the coast resorts of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wickham and their daughter, Miss Emily Wickham, will occupy their Jamestown cottage soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nugent will leave soon for their cottage at Harbor Point. Mrs. Nugent's sister, Mrs. Baker, will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson, accompanied, by Misses Lucy and Martha Hutchinson, will spend the summer on the Eastern coast.

Mrs. A. D. Gianini, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Faust, will sail, the latter part of June, for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. Ernest A. Jaccard, formerly of the Mermod-Jaccard Jewelry Company, of this city, has gone to Kansas City, where he will reside permanently.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto E. Forster are entertaining Mrs. Forster's sister, Mrs. Henry Lucas, who, upon her return to her home in Virginia, will be accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Marie Overstolz.

The marriage of Miss Irwin Hayward and Mr. George Higgenbotham will be an event of June 18th. The ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. George Niedringhaus. Miss Maude Niedringhaus will attend the bride as maid of honor.

Miss Claudia De Pew Ballard and Mr. Benjamin Prentice Goodwin announced their engagement last week. Miss Ballard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Ballard. Mr. Goodwin was formerly of Sedalia, Mo., but now resides here. The wedding will be an event of early fall.

Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison's luncheon for the Countess Rochembeau, last week, was a fashionable and beautiful affair. Mrs. Clark Carr, daughter of the hostess, presided at one end of the table and Mrs. Morrison at the other with the Countess in the place of honor. The eighteen guests included, Mesdames R. C. Kereus, D. M. Houser, J. C. Van Blarcom, Wallace Delafield.

Miss Margaret Louise McIntosh and Mr. William Dee Becker were married on Tuesday morning, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. F. L. McIntosh. Rev. Dr. Williamson, of the Third Baptist church, officiated. A bridal breakfast followed the ceremony, after which the bride and groom left for a honeymoon tour. East. They will spend the summer with Mr. Becker's parents and go to housekeeping next fall.

On Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, Miss Elizabeth Penny and Mr. John French were married, the ceremony taking place at the Congregational church, Rev. Dr. Charles Kloss officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Myra Skinner as maid of honor, Misses Lucetta Field and Fannie Bright as bridesmaids. Mr. Horace French accompanied his brother as best man, and Misses Jesse French, Walter Paine,

Perley Hutchinson, and William French as groomsmen and ushers. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Penny, after which the newly wedded pair left for a bridal tour. Upon their return they will reside at Webster.

Announcement has just been made of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Any Holland and Mr. Clarkson Potter, who have set June 21st as their wedding day. Miss Holland is the daughter of the late George L. Holland, an Mr. Potter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Potter, of Cabanne. The wedding will be very quiet, as the bride is in deep mourning for her father, and will leave for an extended European bridal tour.

Miss Mable Holmes and Mr. Walter Mauny Hodgeman were married on Wednesday evening, the nuptials being solemnized at the home of the bride's mother, at 3665 Delmar avenue, by Rev. Dr. Nichols, of the Second Presbyterian church. Only the immediate families were present at the ceremony and the informal reception which followed. Mr. Hodgeman and his bride left the same evening, for the East, thence they will sail for Europe for a tour of several months.

Miss George Wright and Mr. Charles Parsons Pettus were married, on Wednesday, the ceremony taking place at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the second Presbyterian church. Miss Virginia Wright was maid of honor for her sister, and Misses Olive Simpkins, Carroll West, Susan Larkin Thomson, Mary McRee, Rosalie McRee and Elizabeth Prewitt, bridesmaids. Mr. Eugene Pettus was best man for his brother and Messrs. Ralph McKittrick, George Tiffany, Herbert Morgan, Thomas Wright and Preston Wright, ushers. A large reception followed the ceremony, after which the bride and groom departed for a bridal tour.

Unique accompaniments to the ceremonial and beautiful decorations of pink and white, marked the wedding of Gertrude M. May and Dr. A. H. Bradley, Thursday evening, at the residence of the bride, 6263 Vernon avenue. As a preliminary to the ceremony, Grieg's "To Spring," was effectively performed by Chas. B. Harvey, violin, and Fred Green, piano, and Mrs. Helen Faye Gettrist sang "The Rosary," Nevin. Immediately following the song, the bridal party appeared, preceded by Miss Fannie Allensworth, a relative of the bride from Kentucky, as bridesmaid, and Mr. Raymond D. Weakley as groomsmen. To the inspiring strains of Elsa's bridal procession from Lohengrin, the party stationed themselves in the parlor, and as the words were spoken that made the pair man and wife, the beautiful song, "O Perfect Love," was softly sung by Mrs. Gettrist, accompanied by the piano and violin. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley left for a month's trip to Colorado points, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and other California points, returning via Portland, Seattle and Yellowstone Park. They will be "at home" August 1st.

THE HIBERNIANS.

The annual picnic and athletic games of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be held at the Fair Grounds on Sunday, June 14th. The events are: 100-yards dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run and 880-yard run, all under handicap; then comes pole-vaulting, running high-jump, putting the shot; relay race, scratch, open to firemen and policemen; girl race, potato race, boy's race and fat man's race. A gold medal will be given to the winner of each event. An entry fee of twenty-five cents per man will be charged in each of the first seven. An enjoyable time is assured to all who attend. The entries for the mile and half-mile races are larger than they were ever before. Admission will be 25 cents. Children accompanied by their parents, free.

BARNEY'S GUIDE.

"Barney's Information Guide to the City of St. Louis," in condensed and accurate form, contains an excellent map of the city, showing the grounds on which is to be held the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; the parks, railroads and street car lines, the location of streets and the shortest way to reach any given number; also illustrations of some of the more prominent places of interest. There are very good likenesses of three of St. Louis' foremost men, Mayor Wells, Ex-Governor Francis and the president of the Merchant's Exchange, Mr. George J. Tansey. In a word, Barney's Information Guide is a handy book to have around and will prove a valuable reference to strangers and permanent residents alike. (Barney's Information Guide Publishing Co., Terminal Post Office, Union Station, City. Price 25c).

ROOSEVELT WANTED TO KNOW.

An admiring visitor at the White House had secured the honor of meeting President Roosevelt through the kind offices of Senator Burrows, of Michigan. Instead of the customary quick clasp of the hand and formal salutation, this visitor insisted upon expressing his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt in the most florid language. The President shifted uneasily from one foot to the other while waiting for a chance to break away from the

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long-winded caller, but none presented itself. Finally the man showed signs of reaching the end of his praise.

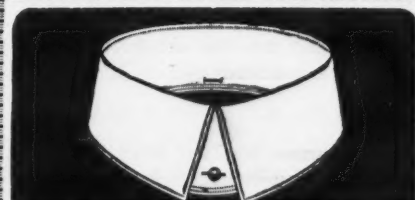
"Why, sir," he said, dropping the President's hand and squaring himself for the final effort, "you and Washington will go down in history together."

"Which Washington—George or Booker?" asked Mr. Roosevelt. Senator Burrows hustled his oratorical constituent out of the room before the laugh caused by the President's question had subsided.—Chicago News.

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TO STAY—"What are you here for?" inquired the visitor at the penitentiary.

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## NEW BOOKS.

A book which readers of exceedingly light literature will surely enjoy, is "Fables of the Elite," by Dorothy Dix. There is a great deal of fun in these fables, and also a great deal of very sane criticism of life. The lady's work in the use of fashionable slang is exceedingly clever. Women do not usually master that sort of thing, but Miss Dix handles it with superb audacity. Most of the fables have appeared from time to time in the *New York Journal*. They treat of matters of every-day life and range from politics to the Four Hundred, with side glances at women's organizations, the divorce court, and, in fact, almost "any old thing" that will stand development into two or three flippantly humorous paragraphs. The illustrations by Swinnerton are only moderately funny. The book is a good one to put in the grip when one starts on a railroad journey. It is amusing without being vulgar. It is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

W. J. Payling Wright is the author of studies and notes on "Dante and the Divine Comedy." While the gentleman has said little that is new upon this very much annotated subject, what he has said is very clear and is not marked by much of the usual elaborate flub-dub of the commentators. He gives a very lucid idea of the conditions prevailing in Italy when Dante arose. His treatment of the "Vita Nuova" is sympathetic and illuminative, and his condensations of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" are admirably lucid. When he comes to interpret the motif of the *Divina Comedia*, he appears to flounder around in a muddle of symbolism. He explains to his own satisfaction the first two Cantos which have worried all the commentators. He has satisfied his own mind as to the meaning of the dark wood, the leopard, the lion and the wolf. It would appear, however, to an uninitiated reader that all these things might be interpreted in many different ways. However this may be, Mr. Payling Wright has boiled down into 140 pages enough information to give anyone unfamiliar with Dante and his work a good start upon the road to understanding both the man and his wonderful poems. The book is published by John Lane, New York.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," comes from the publishing house of Elder & Shepherd, San Francisco, the author being Mr. Wallace Irwin, who made a hit a short time ago with his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." This new Rubaiyat is a clever piece of work along the line of higher parody. The jokes in the quatrains are very effective and mostly new. No idea can be given of the peculiar quality of the fun without extended quotation. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that Mr. Irwin has brought Omar Khayyam very much up, or down, to date. The introduction to the quatrains is a piece of elaborate and well-sustained foolery, while the notes at the end of the book are excruciatingly amusing. Mr. Irwin has evolved a great number of strikingly funny lines which will appeal irresistibly to everybody who has been saturated of late years with the original rubai, and the deliciousness of it all is very much enhanced

by the "goop" drawings of Mr. Gelett Burgess. This humorous Rubaiyat is something that no one should overlook when making up a package of books for light summer reading. It will make anyone laugh himself or herself out of a hammock.

Georgia Wood Pangborn has written a story which is also a study in heredity, which she has entitled "Roman Biznet." The book is possessed of a certain gruesome power, although the "agony" appears at times to be somewhat overdone. The book is saved from absolute descent into the bathetics of banality by the author's evident sincerity and her frequent displays of a high form of literary skill. One wonders whether "Roman Biznet" would ever have been written but for the work of Mrs. Voynich.

Col. D. Streamer is the author of "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes." He displays considerable ingenuity in rhyming, and his point of view is such as to give his rhymes considerable effectiveness as a satirical gloss upon life in general. There is nothing, however, that appears to be sacred to the gentleman, and one feels that his decided, if peculiar, ability is very often wasted. It is to be said to his credit, however, that he does not himself recommend the rhymes for the reading of tender youth. Older folk will find some of the rhymes good, but only too many of them bore some to a degree. R. H. Russell, of New York, is the publisher.

Lillian Bell is one of the brightest newspaper and magazine women of the day. Nothing she touches suffers by her literary treatment. She has shrewd observation, humor, piquancy and a goodly supply of that very rare article, common sense. In her latest volume, "Abroad with the Jimmies," she is probably at her best. She takes the reader very pleasantly on a tour of Europe that is filled with many amusing and interesting incidents and experiences. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers.)

Arthur W. Marchmont is the author of a novel called "Sarita the Carlist." It is a melodramatic affair "to the limit." It is strenuous to such a degree that it is almost exhausting for one to endeavor to read it. Everybody who is not killed off in the general lethal activity that characterizes the story, is married off happily at the end. The best that can be said for the book is that it is a story from the very first, and is nothing but a story. It has no pretensions whatever to literature. It is an expanded "penny dreadful." (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York, are the publishers.)

Mrs. Sheppard Stevens, a St. Louis lady who has done very acceptable work in the now prevalent school of historical romance, has tried her hand again at the same type of story, in the volume entitled "In the Eagle's Talon." The earlier scenes of the story are laid in St. Louis when it was the new, little city of the Louisiana Purchase. Spain was still in possession of this post at the time that Mrs. Stevens opens the story. She gives a very interesting picture of conditions here at that time. The story which she places in this setting is not a unique one, all the material having been done over time and again, but

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everyone who has to meet those problems. Max O'Rell has not suffered by his continuous writing, and this latest volume of his amply proves it. It is published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., of Boston.

Dwight Tilton is the author of a book entitled, "Miss Petticoats." This book will please people who are not yet of the *Family Story Paper* stage and those even more immature folk who still read the old *Waverly Magazine*. The story is sensational and calculated to produce enormous thrills in the servants' quarters. It looks at life mostly from the "below stairs" point of view. People who like this sort of book will like "Miss Petticoats." It is published by the C. N. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

"The Way of the West," is the name of a book of 176 pages, by General Charles King. It is a General Charles King story, pleasant enough, but one with the atmosphere of which and characters in which the general reader is already too familiar. It is published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago.

John Lane, of New York, has put forth a very dainty pocket volume devoted to the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The text is clearly and beautifully printed in green with a marginal design in heliotrope. Lovers of the Sonnets could hardly ask for a more delightful setting of these mysterious and wonderful productions.

An art nouveau era is at hand and some of the designs in bronzes, sterling silverware and jewelry, shown at Bolland's, are perfect dreams of beauty. Seventh and Locust streets.

#### SUMMER OPERA.

##### THE BEGGAR STUDENT.

she contrives to give it a rather surprising freshness notwithstanding. She appears to be much more effective when she takes the hero over to France and involves him in circumstances which place him in antagonism to the great Napoleon. There is plenty of adventure in the hero's endeavors to escape Napoleon's grasp. He participates in the negotiations for the transfer of the Louisiana Purchase from France to the United States, and the curtain is rung down upon everybody living happily under the American flag. Mrs. Stevens' historical color seems to be more than usually accurate. The story was originally published as a serial in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The people who read it in that form will doubtless be glad to have it in this book. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are the publishers.

"'Tween You An' I" is the latest book by Max O'Rell. There is a great deal of matter in it, all done in the well-known style of that Irish-Frenchman, or French-Irishman. He is an acute observer of men and of affairs, and a master of crisp comment. He is at his best, undoubtedly, when he is dealing with subjects relating to the tender sex. The greater part of this book is taken up with this vast subject. He appears to know a great deal about women; at least he has no hesitancy in declaring what he thinks he knows. Sometimes he appears to be right, and sometimes wrong. But, however one may feel upon that score, there is no doubt that he is always "bright," or that his humor redeems his philosophy at every turn. Everything he says about the "little problems of life" concerning men and women is calculated to help one to a sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties of

Miss Maud Williams makes great strides towards remunerative popularity as *Laura* in the "Beggar Student," at The Delmar, this week. The charming soprano sings and acts the exacting role most effectively, and the costuming accentuates her dark beauty. Additional proof of her value as a prima donna lies in the fact that while much of the music in the Millocker opera is unsuited to her voice, she succeeds in making her singing attractive throughout. The high, florid solo, in the first act, was given with much dash, she sang most expressively in the duet with Mr. Delamotta in the second act and in the great ensemble finale of this act, her upper tones rang with splendid effect above orchestra, chorus and principals.

Mr. Delamotta's voice told of fatiguing rehearsals at the first performance, but this conscientious tenor may be depended on for an artistic, well-rounded performance. Mr. Clark's long experience and innate cleverness helped him over the difficulties his baritone voice encountered in the tenor role of *Janitsky*, and he put more life and vigor into the part than tenors usually give it.

The *Countess Palmetta* adds another to the long list of amusing character impersonations that the indefatigable Blanche Chapman has given us. Miss Carrie Reynolds was a mildly sportive *Bronislava*, and Olive Vail, a shapely *Poppenburg*.

The accustomed bluster and bellowing is missing in Mr. Edward Eagleton's *Gen. Ollendorf*, but that is something of a relief; the "kiss on the shoulder" song, however,

falls flat by being transposed an octave lower.

Mr. Harvey is cast for the part of the *Jailer*. The numerous minor roles are well taken care of and the chorus does its duty valiantly.

There is one member of the merry group who deserves a paragraph all to herself. She is a dainty, blonde, little Miss, who makes her way toward the end of the line on the o. p. side of the stage whenever the chorus comes on. She looks like a composite of Grayce Scott and the pajama girl, in "The Liberty Belles," and is one of the prettiest of Mr. Kingsbury's "buds."

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The following graduates were found qualified in their respective grades and branches: Vocal, Violin, Piano, Harmony and Composition:

#### DIPLOMA OF FIRST DEGREE (TEACHER'S COURSE.)

Misses Edna Rascher, Jessie Strifler, Ida Clemens, Elenora Goldbach, Carrie Conrad, Rose Schaller, Clara Muckerman, Ella Jordan, Maud Clausen, Sarah Loffhagen, Mrs. Jessie Beck-Jeffries and Louis Weitz.

#### DIPLOMA OF SECOND DEGREE (CONCERT COURSE) AND GOLD MEDAL.

Misses Lulu Stockho, Jennie Beardsley, Ida Neibert, Alma Wiegand and James Richardson from Horse Cave, Kentucky.

#### DIPLOMA OF THIRD DEGREE (ARTIST'S COURSE) AND MEDAL OF HONOR.

Miss Hulda Borgmeier. Misses Annie Geyer, Annie Von der Ahe and Hubert Bauersachs received the highest award in previous years, but as they continue with their studies in the higher grades, they will assist in this programme.

The Graduating Exercises will take place Tuesday Evening, June 17th, 1902, at the Odeon, where the above-mentioned graduates will be honored with their respective awards.

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## "THE LADY OF LYONS."

BY BUCKLES.

What an awful night! Three hours of "The Lady of Lyons."

It seems impossible to realize that this play forty, thirty years ago was regarded as a great piece of drama. To-day it is nothing but glittering, artificial meretriciousness. It is all the foppery that was incarnate in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. There's not a sincere line or sentiment in the thing. It is all Bulwer posing, mincing, mimicking real drama, real poetry, real life, real men. And to think how everyone used to regard the description of *Claude Melnotte's* garden as a great piece of literature. How we used to quote it to the girls ourselves.

*Eheufugaces!*

Monday evening last the big audience at the Olympic actually giggled and snickered at what used to be considered the finest passages in the play. That is, the older

folk did so. The girls and boys thought it all just grand and lovely. Well, the theater is for the young people anyhow. People of forty or over don't care for the theater, at least not for the romantic theater, and what right have people of forty and over to be alive anyhow? That Labor Union reformer who advocated the shooting of workmen at forty-five placed the age-limit too high and restricted the scope of his deadly suggestion, too much. The theater, the world itself, is for youth, for youth alone.

But one doubts if there ever was in the world such jejune as is embodied and given super-sentimental expression in "The Lady of Lyons." The superlativeness of its sentimentality sails very close to burlesque. And yet it's a wonderful bit of work in its way. It is such an utter and final voice of pompous mediocrity. It is such a play as could only come from the greatest "Almost" in the history of literature. It is Byronism filtered through an intellectual snob. It is Victor Hugo as he might have manifested himself in a hair-dresser. It is fine writing raised to the nth power and then smeared with treacle. Still "The Lady of Lyons" will ever hold its own, just as "Lucile," by the son of the author of "The Lady of Lyons," will ever hold its own, because there will always be excessively young people in the world who will labor under the early, universal delusion that language in large gobs, dabs and splashes is real feeling. Bulwer-Lytton is an immortal—no doubt about that.

The Bellew-Mannerling combination, presenting the play for one night here, made "The Lady of Lyons" just what it ought to be. The excellent troupe of players saw the shamminess of the drama, its general brummaginity, and they put it on with a trowel. Nothing more intense has been seen here—not even "The King of the Opium Ring" with Terry McGovern as star. Mr. Bellew piled on the romantic until he was in danger of degenerating into De Wolf Hopper's "El Capitan." Still Mr. Bellew was true to the conception, even when most romantically sloppy. That is the way Lord Lytton would have had it played—much vocal tremolo, much thumping of the breast, much wringing of the hands and sweeping of the brow, much melancholy, much sentimental strutting and striding much snide philosophic reflection in the midst of bursts of paper passion. All this was Kyrie Bellew, therefore, to the playwright's purpose, perfect. Bellew's gracefulness, his interesting, serious face, and his excellent command of his voice carried the clap-trap splendidly. That is, they did so until the characters got to mixing it in the later rounds—I mean acts. Then the play became simply a shrieking "rough house" and passions were flying in tatters all over the theater. Mr. Bellew got to be, on these occasions, as husky a guy as any in the bunch, and wrestled around with the heroine and everybody else, and threw the language into them a-mile-a-minute. In these warm spells he drew *Pauline* to his bosom with a strenuousity that smacked strongly of the catch-as-catch-can method of taking your partner at a Sunday afternoon dance in Druid's Hall. It was then that one felt the enormous oppressive theatricality of the play, and perceived that it was essentially a show that would find its proper audience at Haylin's or the Imperial theaters. It was in those acts that the great audience suddenly grasped the comicality of the intensity, and offset the shrieks of "the gods" with good honest laughter.



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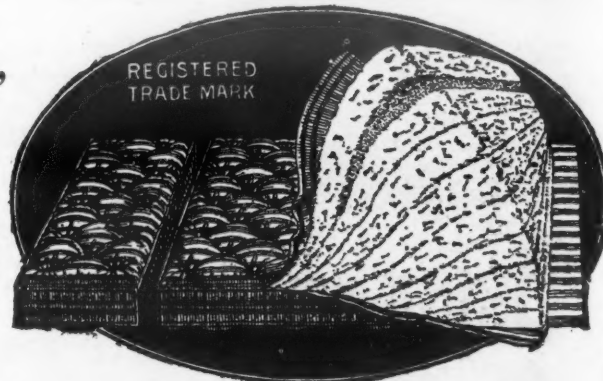
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Miss Mannerling is miscast in the role of *Pauline*. Even her curls can't carry her through it acceptably. Even her extremely good "business" in sobbing and hand-wringing doesn't save her from a certain badness of art. There's a hint of character, real character in *Pauline*. Lord Lytton wanted to show a struggle in her of love and contempt for *Claude*, but he only hinted it in the lines. Miss Mannerling hardly hinted it. She began calling Mrs. Melnotte "mother" before she was done denouncing *Claude* for marrying her under false pretenses. Now and then Miss Mannerling's voice got away from her and did staccato stunts up in the roof or else took grinding flights in the key of the hard pencil on a slate. Once, when she first discovered her deception, she rose to something like the real thing in feeling, but clearly she was misplaced in every scene in which force was called for. Perhaps this was because of the play's inadequacy to make good the assumption of dealing with real people. In any event, Miss Mannerling was only truly effective when she was listening to *Claude's* wordful description of his garden. There she leaned her head on his shoulder and showed her throat and her expressive chin until one went back in memory to the first verses of Mr. Swinburne's "Faustine." Miss Mannerling did the languishing, drooping, lovey-dovey incidents with true perception of the part, but otherwise she was so unsatisfactory in her unsuitableness to the word-slinging and Græco-Roman embracing and "agony" that she unconsciously contributed to the audience's

amusement by intensifying the burlesque tone of the play. Miss Mannerling is beautiful and has talent, but play the leading role in "The Lady of Lyons!" Nay, nay *Pauline*. At that, she's better than Cissie Loftus was in a very similar role in "If I Were King." And here one sees how much more of a real writer is Justin Huntley McCarthy than Lord Lytton, just as one realizes how much more of an actor is Sothorn than Bellew. Miss Mannerling, to sum up an estimate of her work, played the role of *Pauline* by rote. Everything she did seemed to be done as if to the timing and numbering of her words, gestures, respirations even, by a sort of chorus-master in the wings. If this be harsh criticism, let me say that only a very good actor or actress could get away from this artificiality in this drama. The play reeks with it, and it is quite an achievement for an actor or actress in the leading roles to keep a straight face while moving through the situations and mouthing the flamboyant absurdities of Lytton. They might have done it twenty-five or thirty years ago, but sentiment of the Lyttonesque sort is out-of-date now, and if a man in real life attempts to talk *a la Claude* to a girl she tells him to "go 'way back and sit down," while the girl of the period is an open-air, sane, hearty person and if she attempt the languorous-lily act upon a young man he "passes her up" and puts his golf sticks in some other girl's quiver. Golf and the bicycle and the automobile and the vanished corset have done away with the old-time fashion of love-making and the whole world



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PORTLAND, MAINE.

that pretends to worship Shakespeare, if put on its oath, would say that the passioning of *Romeo* and *Juliet* strikes it chiefly as being funny. All of which we must take into consideration as not improbably affecting actors as strongly in their work as it affects the people in front. In fact, actors sneer at the ultra sentimental not less than the rest of us.

But to the other actors in this cast. Mr. Edwin Arden was handsome. His limbs are dreams. A sneer makes his face more attractive. He carries off the villain role with splendid grace. Mr. Arden is a first-rate actor no matter where placed. His methods are refined, quiet, cool. He knows how to walk and twirl his handkerchief, and toss his head and do all the small "business" that makes a role, no matter of what sort, truly important. Mr. Arden's *Beauseant*, last Monday evening, was a delicate delight whenever it was not obscured and drowned out by the Heinegabubler clatter of the later acts. In much the same class of careful artistry of miming as Mr. Arden's is that of Mr. Edward S. Abeles, who played *Glavis*. Mr. Abeles is very near the top of the list of excellent young actors. He gives distinction always to secondary roles. He is never lost in the shuffle, to the discerning eye. Wherever placed, whatever doing, Mr. Abeles is ever efficient and never slurring or too intent upon effects greater than called for. Mr. Abeles is always among the best in the best companies, and never, in an artistic sense, a deadhead in the enterprise.

The one splendid hit of the evening at the Olympic was Maclyn Arbuckle as *Colonel Damas*. He made the role dominate every scene in which he came on. The abundant vitality, the good-heartedness of his bluster, the gruff geniality and the sturdy honesty of the part were just to Mr. Arbuckle's hand. There was never a moment's doubt, Monday evening, when Mr. Arbuckle was on the stage doing something or saying something or even quiescent, that he held the attention of the audience. He made the role more real than Lytton wrote it. The part is almost namby-pamby in the book. Mr. Arbuckle gave it body and strength, injected a little of the best of *Falstaff* in it, something of the choleric of *Sir Anthony Absolute* and a great deal of soldierly simplicity and honesty. Mr. Arbuckle is a commanding personality in American stagedom. There is no actor that surpasses him in the portraiture of the hearty, half-cynical, wholly honest man of middle life.

Mrs. W. G. Jones was a motherly mother to *Claude*, but this excellent lady's work was weakened, too, by the rank triteness of the sentiment of motherhood as expressed by Lytton. When she said anything in that vein, the words came upon one like the strains of one of those mother-songs that "go" so uproariously at a free-and-easy. Kate Patison Selten was an attractive and amusing mother to *Pauline*. Mr. W. H. Thompson bent fine abilities to the contracted scope of a small part as *M. Deschappelles*, but in the brief glimpses given of his quality the good actor was very evident.

"What an awful night," I said at first. You will have seen by now that I had in mind only the play as a piece of dramatic literature. It is a bad play, or rather a play that has gone out of literary and social fashion, put on by a company that brilliantly illustrates the wealth of the American stage in first-class mummies. The play is a tremendous bore, if you take it seriously. You do that first, but as the action develops you are overcome by the unintentional

comicality of the extravagance of language, sentiment and action. Still, one cannot help, at the end, being thankful for such an interlude in the beginning of summer. It would not be a bad idea to have one night of a tip-top company in a revival of some old play every other week between now and September, for Mr. Short showed us, Monday evening, that a theater can be kept comfortably cool even in St. Louis, in June and with the calorific *Claude* burning up language and energy, and the pious *Pauline* showing us the sinuosity of diaphragmatic sobbing in corsetless gowns. Pon my word, Miss Mannering's sobbing, in scene two of act three, with the aid of the corsetless gown, was uncannily like some of the fluent stomachic gestures of the *danse du ventre*. And I guess I'd better quit this critique right here.

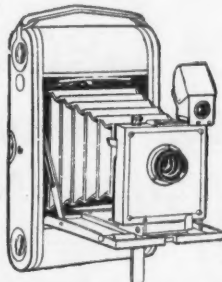
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### SUMMER THEATRICALS.

The quality of the attractions at Uhrig's Cave, this week, is not strained, but passes lightly from burlesque to specialty and from art-poses to orchestra concerts. Miss Howard is putting new attractiveness into the bills she is preparing night after night, for, being something of a musician, she personally attends to the scores of all the extravaganza features of her programme. The result is a fine sequence of tuneful lays, ably set forth by the undeniable beauty and grace of the skillful May's "rosebud garden of pretty girls." This week the major portion of the excellent bill is contained in a recrudescence of "Fifi Flambeau," with entirely new musical setting, and "The Sporty Count," an adaption of a concoction, by Teddy Solomon, of the New York Casino success, "The Rounders." In each of these the entire company appears and the interval between the two offerings is filled in with good vaudeville—a little of everything that goes to make such a bill acceptable, and a series of poses plastique, replicative of some of the more popular masterpieces in painting and sculpture. For the coming week, beginning with next Sunday's matinee, an entire change of programme is announced and also the first appearance in the West of the famous young Russian danseuse, Mlle. Oliska Galardi.

The Butler-Kemble-Rising World's Fair Stock Company gave its initial performance on Sunday night to a large audience. "The Lady of Lyons" was the vehicle of introduction and ushered Richard Butler in as Claude Melnotte and the charming Lillian Kemble as Pauline. They made a decidedly pretty picture. Mr. Butler instantly became a favorite. Lillian Kemble gave a delightful performance and excelled many who have attempted the role, being especially strong in the dramatic climaxes and sweetly interesting in the lighter passages. This handsome young couple should prove strong magnets for the summer season, surrounded, as they are, by an excellent stock company. Manager Will T. Rising says the organization will be a permanent one and promises many good plays. "Sapho" comes next, with "Virginus" to follow.

The "loop the loop" and the "scenic" continue to attract large numbers of pleasure-seekers to the Highlands, while the vaudeville performance is unusually entertaining this week. Charley Grapewin assisted by Miss Anna Chance and his company do a clever one-act comedy, entitled "The Awakening of Mrs. Pipp." The Nelson comiques with their group of animals, stuffed ones, do as mirth-provoking a turn as is seen in vaudeville. Whitney Brothers elicit hearty applause—

and deservedly. They make pretty music come from all sorts of queer objects, from books, blackboards, a flight of stairs, beer mugs and what not. Dick Jose enjoys all the popularity and wins as many encores as received during his first week's engagement.

The Tanakasi Japanese juggling specialty is clever. The management promises new and interesting features for next week. Among those more prominent are, the Kaufmann family, expert bicyclists, and trick riders; Mlle Chester and her "statue



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dog," James Thornton, the song writer, in songs of his own composition; and Jules and Ella Garrison in a comedy specialty. The "Grapewin Company" will present a new skit, entitled "Above the Limit."

### INTERPRETING DREAMS.

"Can you interpret dreams?" asked Beatrice, eagerly.

I could not, but I saw no reason why I should make the confession.

"Certainly," I replied; "I never fail."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she returned. "Lately I've been dreaming such a lot, and—well, I'm sure there must be something in it."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," I said, thinking of those charming, if slightly indigestible suppers which we had been having.

"Perhaps if you could tell me some of the dreams," I suggested.

"Well, last night I narrowly escaped being burned to death in a fire in the house at which I was staying."

"No difficulty there," I said promptly. "It means marriage."

"Not—not death?" she asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Death? No. What put that into your head?"

"The night before I dreamed that I saw a coffin and—"

"My dear Bea! You must allow me to congratulate you."

"Why?"

"It is quite evident that you are to be married soon. The coffin is—er—marriage again."

"A second marriage?"

"No—I mean it corroborates the fire."

She looked at me with some distrust.

"I hope you know what you are talking about. The coffin couldn't very well corroborate the fire, as it came first, and—"

"Ah, you don't understand dreams," I cut in anxious to restore her faith in my powers. "In real life, of course, the corroboration couldn't come first, but it's quite different in dream life."

"Oh—oh!" She waited for a moment or two and then added: "I suppose dreams always mean something in the affirmative, so, of course, I hastened to do so."

"That is the case, I never heard of a dream episode being enacted in real life."

She gave a sigh of relief, I imagined.

"Three nights ago I dreamed that I was being married," she said. "What did that mean? That I am to be an old maid?"

"It meant—," I said, and then paused. It was my earnest wish that she should be married to me.

"I'm sure I have puzzled you now."

"Anything but," I returned. "I was only wondering whether—was the man fair or dark?"

"Dreams always go by contraries, you said," she remarked, studying my golden locks intently. "Yes; he was fair, very fair."

"Tall or short?"

She took in my six feet one.

"Tall."

"Stout or thin?"

"Medium."

"Very like—"

"Very like yourself," she interrupted.

"But of course that doesn't matter, so far as I can see. All I want to know is, what does dreaming about marriage mean? You say that it can't mean marriage?"

"I didn't say anything of the sort, Bea. It—er—does mean marriage. The only

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dreams, I knew," she replied. "A man nearly always makes out that marriage is the interpretation of"—she bowed mockingly—"a fairly good-looking young woman's dreams. And when the would be interpreter happens to be in love with a fairly good looking—"

"Bea!" I interrupted, "you ran a great risk."

"Why?"

"Because you are not a fairly good-looking young woman," I replied, letting my eyes rest on her with open admiration. "And if it is only to women of that sort that men interpret—"

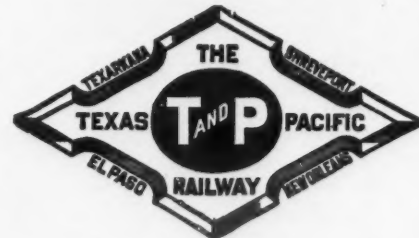
"In all the great affairs of life one must run some risk," she remarked; and she looked so charming as she spoke that I was constrained to tell her that she had run no risk at all.—*The London King.*

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A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."—*St. James' Gazette.*

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While Admiral Dewey was in command of the Asiatic squadron, he purchased a large quantity of much-needed coal without previously consulting the Navy Department. When this became known in Washington, an official sent him this curt dispatch:

"Why did you buy so much coal?"

The admiral replied:

"Bradford, Chief of Bureau of Equipment, Washington: To burn. DEWEY."—*Argonaut.*



## PERSONAL POEMS.

CECIL RHODES.

When that great Kings return to clay,  
Or Emperors in their pride,  
Grief of a day shall fill a day,  
Because its creature died.  
But we—we reckon not with those  
Whom the mere fates ordain  
This power that wrought on us and goes  
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led  
Beyond our guess or reach,  
The travail of his spirit bred  
Cities in place of speech.  
So huge the all-mastering thought that  
drove—

So brief the term allowed—  
Nations not words he linked to prove  
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth  
Across the lands he won—  
The granite of the ancient north—  
Great spaces washed with sun;  
There shall he patient make his seat  
(As when the death he dared)  
And there await a people's feet  
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw  
Splendid and whole arise,  
And unimagined empires draw  
To council 'neath his skies,  
The immense and brooding spirit still  
Shall quicken and control.  
Living he was the land, and dead  
His soul shall be her soul.

—Rudyard Kipling, in *London Times*.

## A TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT.

Who goes there? An American  
Brain and spirit and brawn and heart,  
'Twas for him that the nations spared  
Each, to the years, its noblest part,  
Till from the Dutch, the Gaul and Celt,  
Blossomed the soul of Roosevelt.

Student, trooper, and gentleman,  
Level-lidded with times and kings,  
His the voice for a comrade's cheer;  
His the ear when the sabre rings.  
Hero shades of the old days melt  
In the quick pulse of Roosevelt.

Hand that's molded to hilt of sword;  
Heart that ever has laughed at fear;  
Type and pattern of civic pride;  
Wit and grace of the cavalier.  
All that his fathers prayed and felt  
Gleams in the glance of Roosevelt.

Who goes there? An American.  
Man to the core—as men should be!  
Let him pass through the lines alone  
Type of the Sons of Liberty.  
Here where his father's fathers dwelt,  
Honor and faith for Roosevelt.

—Grace Duffie Boylan.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The virile fingers once that thrilled  
The harp of song to sweet delight,  
Their earthly missions have fulfilled,  
And now are wrapt in night.

This gentle bard, whose songs so pure  
Came trembling down the naves of  
rhyme,

Has left a fame that shall endure  
Throughout long years of time.

"Sweet Alice" was the song he sung  
From out the echo of his heart.

When life was new and life was young,  
And had no touch of smart.

"Sweet Alice" was the name that died  
In tones of ecstasy and joy  
Upon his lips—and o'er the tide  
He sailed again, a boy.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in *New York Sun*.

## HAPPY ENDINGS.

Charles Darwin has written of himself  
that toward the end of his life he found a  
wonderful relief and pleasure in novels.  
"A surprising number," he says, "have  
been read aloud to me, and I like all, if  
moderately good, and if they do not end  
unhappily—against which a law ought to be  
passed." Perhaps he had seen so much of  
the struggle for existence and the survival  
of none but the fittest, in real life, that he  
resented being saddened by the woes of  
creatures of the imagination. Be the cause  
of them what it may, his sentiments are  
pretty widely shared. The three-volume  
novel, "the old three-decker" of the past  
was undoubtedly popular, because, as turned  
out by the majority of its builders, it was  
designed to weather every storm and bring  
its passengers safely into port, when the  
reader, closing the last volume, was able to  
sing:

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks;  
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing  
checks.

'Twas fiddle in the fo'c'sle—'twas garlands on  
the mast,  
For everyone got married, and I went ashore at  
last.

The "Ballad of the Three Decked" may at  
least be taken as faithfully expressing the  
feelings of the old novel-readers of the  
school of our forefathers, perfectly willing,



BEER

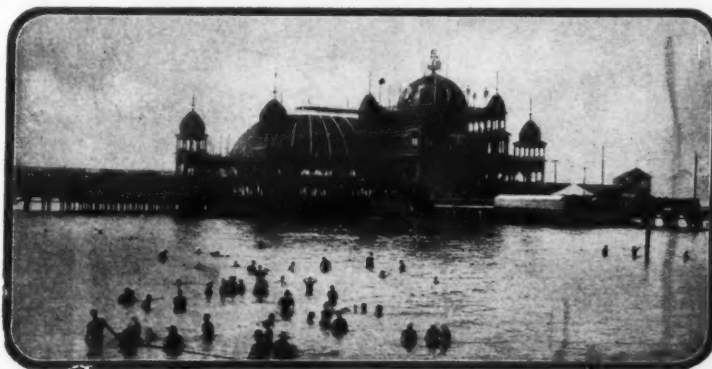
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indeed desiring, that heroes and heroines should encounter many difficulties and dangers, most unwilling that any of them should come to an untimely end. It is not recorded that as the volumes of "Clarissa" were being given successively to the public, the author was assailed with innumerable petitions imploring him to be merciful and stay his hand?

There remains, nevertheless, the fact that the demand for a happy ending at any price is one which more than savors of Philistinism. Indeed, it is unnecessary to appeal to the sacred, if sometimes enigmatic, name of Art. In real life there are persons to be met with who are too bad to deserve happiness, too foolish to secure it, or too selfish to understand it. And if action is to consist of real persons, and not mere puppets, and is not sedulously to avoid the bad, the foolish, and the selfish, to say nothing of those to whom the Fates are consistently unkind, then a considerable number of novels must end more or less unhappily, if they are to be natural, let alone artistic. An instructive instance will be remembered in the two endings of "The Light That Failed." For the happy ending of the "three-decker" pattern in which we "leave the lovers loving," it is necessary to believe that a young lady who is by nature a compact mass of foolishness and selfishness will at once cast off that nature so completely as to marry a helpless blind man. In the other version we have the story "as it was originally conceived by the writer." Who can doubt that his original conception of it is the more natural? *Maisie* can no more be humanized than the Ethiopian can change his skin, and the blind man, seeming to "hear the East a-calling," goes forth like one driven by the Eumenides, to fall by a merciful bullet just as he reaches his only friend. How otherwise, with such a woman? So, too, in the great love story of "Richard Feverel," we would fain beseech the author to have mercy on the gentle *Lucy* and her young husband. Yet the tragedy of the blind parental foolishness must be set forth for a warning to all fanatical fathers. The eye of *Sir Austin* may be opened at last, but it is too late for him to undo the mischief. The stern awe of retaliation calls relentlessly for a sacrifice. How otherwise, when a loveless system blinded the eyes?

So far as the happy ending consists merely of wedding bells and the union of the lover and his lass, it may be remarked that in many stories the curtain drops very opportunely on the departure of the bridal party from the church. Many couples appear to us in fiction, as loving as loving can be, who must have hit it off ill enough when they settled down in their home, the brave gentleman coming to spend much time at his club, and the fair lady growing dowdy and developing a sharpish tongue. Fortunately these unwelcome sights are hidden from us, only to be guessed; yet to be guessed with no little confidence. It is conceivable, for instance, that many a kind-hearted young lady would have been glad to see the fair *Beatrice* turn reasonable after the death of the *Duke of Hamilton* and consent to marry *Henry Esmond*; ready to see therein a happy ending for all concerned, the reward, too, of a most devout and constant lover. Yet is not the ending far happier as Thackeray has seen it? What a thorn in the flesh *Mrs. Beatrice* had been to the poor colonel. For he, good man, was certainly no *Petruchio* to tame such a *Katharine* and verily of skilful taming the young lady stood in need. But the whole question of the

probable sequel to the orthodox happy ending has been treated by Thackeray himself in his burlesque of "Rebecca and Rowena," a light and instructive entertainment to which all good novel-readers may be recommended. "You may suppose that *Emilia* and the earl are going to be happy for the rest of their lives in his lordship's romantic castle in the North, and *Belinda* and her young clergyman to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in the West; but some there be among the novel reading classes—old, experienced folks—who know better than this."

And what about the bad characters of our book—our old friend, the villain of the piece, and his satellites? Will the ending of the story leave us entirely happy if due and lawful execution is not done on them by our author? Perhaps not. Perhaps it is no more than fair to us that when *David* and *Mr. Thomas Traddles* are married and the *Micaubers* are going to sail away with money in their pockets, we should get a glimpse of *Littimer* and *Uriah Heep* in prison. At least we will demand that the wicked folk shall be disarmed and rendered powerless for further troubling. They at least, we petition, should not be the cause of evil to our hero and his wife in any sequel of our imagining. Grant us this, good Master Author, and we will not press for extreme penalties. The best of the heroes, tempering justice with mercy, have taught us to be magnanimous in the hour of victory. Did not *Tom Jones* intercede for the abashed and defeated *Blifil*, and *Antonio* for *Shylock*, and *Benedick* for *Don John*? And may all the good men and true women of the novels yet unwritten escape the wiles of their foes and foolishness in themselves. May they all live wisely and bravely and generously, and

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## THE STOCK MARKET.

The bears displayed more courage and aggressiveness in the last few days. They went to work with a vim and succeeded in lowering values all around. It seems that they have become possessed of the idea that something had to be done to enliven proceedings. If the public does not care to buy, perhaps it can be induced to sell, after everything has been sold to a standstill, and bear leaders have skimmed the milk completely. Wall street does not like stagnation. It likes activity and commissions. The brokers want to make a living. And so, if prices cannot be advanced, let us put them down. Undoubtedly, the bears acted on such reasoning, and relied on the absence of prominent bulls to make profits on short sales.

However, they will not be able to make much headway, unless syndicates have become tired of hanging on to their inflated stuff and of paying interest indefinitely on funds borrowed. A sharp decline will be established only in case of syndicate-weariness, or a pinch in money rates. Crop prospects are very favorable, especially for cotton. The condition of this important staple is now placed considerably above the average, and, barring the unforeseen, we should have a bumper yield this season. The cornfields are likewise in promising condition. Therefore, it seems that bears are depressing values more on technical grounds than anything else. Of course, they may know what is going on or coming; they may have peeped beneath the surface. They may have secret information from syndicate managers. It is well known that everything is not as it should be; that there is a storm ahead of us, which can be deferred, but not prevented from breaking out finally. The extent and success of any bear movement will depend upon the ideas of syndicates and Morgan leaders. While the present does not appear to be an auspicious time for a slaughter of values, for reasons above stated, the bears may know what they are about. Outsiders cannot very well foretell when the reaction will at last set in for good; the professionals will have to start it. Without the connivance of syndicates, any decline in values will be short-lived. Short sales cannot be made very profitable without there being a large amount of stock afloat. If the cliques are not willing to sell and waiting for higher prices, the bears will eventually be caught in their own trap.

It is, therefore, useless to make conjectures about the market. Everything in Wall street is too professional; the public is kept in the dark about the plans of the great leaders. Suspicion is rife, of course, and purchases are few, and it does not look, at this writing, as if the bulls could kindle much enthusiasm among outsiders within the next two months. Summer is generally a dull period; the big fellows are away, and shrewd speculators await a ripening of crops before taking an active part in stock exchange affairs again.

The Rock Island has absorbed the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, under a 999 years' lease, the stock of this little road being exchanged for Rock Island stock, share for share. The Rock Island is evidently anxious to extend and to transform itself into one of the leading railroad systems of the country. The management is wide-awake, although a little speculatively-inclined, since the Moore Bros. acquired a large amount of the shares. Considering the dividend paid on the stock, its present

price is rather high, but holders seem to be confident of a further advance.

Several weeks ago, rumor had it that the Moores and Leeds had bought big blocks of Chicago & Northwestern shares and were trying to wrest control from the Vanderbilts. The other day, the annual election of directors took place, when it developed that the old party was still in undisputed control of the great property. Nothing was heard of Moore plans or purchases. At the same time, holders of preferred and common shares received an extra distribution of one per cent. After payment of the dividends the company still has a large surplus in its treasury. The extra dividends seem to have been discounted completely by the recent sharp appreciation in the value of these shares. The Vanderbilts are not very likely to part with this splendid property in the Northwest. They have built it up in a most conservative manner, satisfied stockholders all along, and brought the physical and financial condition of the company to the highest pitch of perfection. The Moores will have a hard fight in store for them, if they really intend to acquire a dominant position in the affairs of this road.

The London market has become stagnant. After the outburst of unreasoning enthusiasm, which followed the signing of the peace treaty, realizing sales made their appearance with remarkable promptitude, and prices began to recede all along the line, even Kaffirs failing to maintain their recent sharp rise. They have been discounting things fairly well, and a further reaction would not be surprising to close observers. However, leading British financiers are optimistic about prospects; they believe implicitly, that they are again on the up-grade, and that British securities should be bought without hesitancy on every little set-back. Consols rose to 97, but have fallen back to 96¾ again. Large American and French holders are said to be determined to hold out for 105. They hope that British investors will soon be carried off their feet by beautiful brokers' stories and hopeful prophecies for the future and hasten to buy from foreigners at 105 what they would not touch at 93. The average English investor is not a whit wiser than his American cousin. He has lost bushels of money in the past twenty years, and will continue to lose as long as there is a stock exchange in existence.

The Bank of England continues to strengthen its reserves. Its proportion of reserve to liability at present is more than 50 per cent. This does not seem to indicate any too optimistic state of mind among the directors of that great institution. They are evidently anxious to keep prepared for sudden contingencies, and to maintain their grip on the open money-market. They have learned valuable lessons in the last three years. It is dollars to doughnuts that the Bank of England will begin to draw gold from the United States as soon as there is more demand for funds in Europe. Business revival in England and on the Continent will be accompanied by increasing speculation and this will necessitate calls for funds and more funds. Europeans will make the same experience during the next five years, that we had since 1896. It does not, therefore, seem probable that a wild gamble in Europe will be synchronous with a rampant bull movement on this side. Here is where the rub comes in and where American wild-eyed bulls scent danger. Our level of security-values is an exceedingly high one compared with what it was three years ago. It may be said that

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Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

it absolutely forbids hopes of another extensive rise. However, Wall street has pinned its faith onto Morgan. Morgan, they claim, will make things hum again after a while, and is simply laying low at present and watching bears that are inclined to get gay and venturesome.

United States Steel issues are rather "sick." They do not seem to be much in demand. Every little spurt meets with prompt liquidation. The common appears to be especially heavy and unable to keep its head above water. Something is evidently wrong, in spite of all the unceasing talk we hear about iron and steel prosperity, big consumptive demand, prospective advances in prices and all that sort of thing. What is amiss, one may be allowed to ask,

when United States steel preferred, a seven per cent dividend-paying stock, is selling at 89, while American sugar preferred, which is hardly any better, intrinsically, is quoted at 118? What is the matter? Where is Morgan? Why does he permit of such things? He should go to work and put the stock up to 120 at least, if it is such a good thing, as he claims it is.

There is another puzzle in the market, and that is Union Pacific preferred, which is regarded as an absolutely safe four per cent dividend payer. These shares are selling at 88, or only 3½ points above the highest price of 1899. The common, which is paying the same rate, is quoted at 104. Why this disparity in quotations? If Union Pacific common may be considered a safe



# St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

## GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

### Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon  
Stock and Bond Broker, 421 Olive street.

#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	112 1/4-103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 -110
Property (cur) 6	A O	April 1, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	112 1/2-103 1/4
" 4	A O	April 10, 1908	104 -105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec. 1, 1909	102 1/2-103
" 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 -105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 -105
" ster. & 004	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 -108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/2-108 1/4
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/2-110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 2.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment 352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4-105 1/4
Funding 6.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4.	A O	Apr 1, 1914	114 -116
" 4 5-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4 10-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20.	J D	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20.	J D	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2.	J J	July 1, 1921	101 -103

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Pr'ce.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -101
Century B.ilding 1st 6s	1915	108 -109 1/4
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	00 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	59 -101 1/4
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	118 1/2-119
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 -119
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	116 -116 1/4
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2-113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s	1921	115 -116
Miss uri Edison 1st mort 5s	1927	92 -93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 1/2-95 3/4
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	101 -104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 -105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1903	75 -80

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '02, 3 SA	27 -329
Boatmen's	100	June '02, 3 1/2 SA	240 -245
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	325 -350
Continental	100	June '02, 4 SA	258 -300
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5 SA	338 -340
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	190 -200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	100 -405
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 S	775 -825
International	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Q	177 -185
Jefferson	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	198 -200
Lafayette	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	525 -571
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Q	825 -329
Merch. Laclede	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	295 -299
Northwestern	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	160 -170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. '02, 2 1/2 Qy	404 -405
South Side	100	May. '02, 3 SA	128 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Mar. '02, 3 SA	163 -164
Southern com.	100	Jan. '02, 3 SA	110 -115
State National	100	June '02, 3 SA	218 -220
Third National	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	212 -213

\*Quoted 100 for par.

#### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		179 -180
Colonial	100		226 -227
Lincoln	100	June '02, 2 Qy	479 1/4-280 1/4
Miss. Valley	100	June '02, 2 1/2 Qy	461 -463
St. Louis Union	100	Consolidated	389 -390
Title Trust	100	June '02, 1 1/2 Qy	127 -129
Mercantile	100	June '02, 1 Mo	429 -430
Missouri Trust	100		126 -127
Ger. Trust Co.	100		213 -215

#### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 102 1/2-103
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 118 -110
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N 2	1905 105 -107
1s 5s	F & A	1911 106 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Comp Heig'ts U.D. 6s	J & J	1911 115 -116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M & N	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-1s	Dec. '89, 50c	
People's	J & D	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg 6s 20s	M & N	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg 7s	Monthly 2	100 -
St. L. & E. St. L.	J & J	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	M & N	1910 101 -101 1/2
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J & J	1913 102 1/2-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		82 -86
St. L. & Sub	F & A	1921 105 -105 1/2
do Con. 5s	M & N	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M & N	1916 113 -114
do Meramec Rv. 6s		114 -
do Incomes 5s	M & N	1901 104 -106
Southern 1st 6s	J & D	1909 106 -108
do 2d 25s 5s	F & A	1916 107 -108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J & D	1918 120 1/2-121
U. D. 25s 6s	Apr. '02, 1 1/2	84 -84 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	87 1/2-87 1/2
4 p. c. 50s		31 1/2-31 1/2
St. Louis Transit		

#### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. '02, 4 p. c.	283 -285

#### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	32 -33
Bel Telephone	100	Oct. '01, 2 Qy	155 -160
Bonne Terre F.C.	100	May '06, 2	2 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. '02, 1 Mo	128 -135
Co sol. Coal	100	Jan. '02, 1	19 -19 1/2
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. '02, 1 Mo	128 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	Nov. '01, 1	240 -245
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100		93 -98
K & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 -52
Kennard com.	100	Aug. '01, 10 A	110 -111
Kennard pfd.	100	Aug. '01, 3 1/2 SA	116 -120
Laclede Gas com.	100	Mar. '02, 2	89 -89 1/2
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 SA	108 -109
Mo. Edison pfd.	100		43 -45
Mo. Edison com.	100		16 1/2-16 3/4
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 Qy	97 -100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	160 -165
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/2 SA	140 -143
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Oct. '01, 4 SA	140 -145
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	18 -19
St. L. Brew. pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2	66 -68
St. L. Brew. com.	100	Jan. '99, 4	61 -62
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	55 -65
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. '02, 1 Qy	72 -80
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 Qy	115 -115 1/2
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 Qy	600 -610
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. '01, 7 1/2	160 -200
" Coupler	100		48 -49

four per cent dividend-payer, then the preferred should be a gilt-edged investment. Where is Harriman? Where is Schiff? Why do they refuse to buy such bargains? Norfolk & Western preferred is selling in the 90s, while not paying a cent more than Union Pacific preferred. If there is still a bargain on the list, it is undoubtedly the latter stock. Yet it does not move. It cannot maintain itself above 90.

Morgan is now enjoying himself in Europe and visiting the classical shores of the Mediterranean. There will not be much doing during his absence. Bull leaders do not care to enter into extensive commitments in the meanwhile. It will require Morgan's presence to stir up things again. It is really shameful on his part to leave Wall street, when everything seems to be on the ragged edge, when cliques are straining every nerve to sell their inflated stuff and when nobody seems to have too much confidence in the stability of prices or his own ability to hold out much longer. The market is nothing, is lost, without Morgan. No wonder that Gates exclaims that Morgan is the salt of the earth.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local market has been somewhat dull in the past week. Sales were not so heavy, and purchasers not so eager and plentiful. Sellers, on the other hand, were more in evidence; they wanted to realize, and by suiting action to intention, brought about a sharp decline in a few of those stocks which scored such rapid advances of late. Bank of Commerce, Third National and Lincoln Trust seemed to be the main sufferers. Morgan buying had been discounted, for the time being, and holders who had good profits in sight did not wish to run any chances. There was what brokers call "good buying by strong interest" at the lower quotations, but it has, so far, failed to instill fresh enthusiasm among the somewhat satiated bull crowd. However, there is no distrust among speculators, even if real cash investors prefer to hold aloof. Things are going still higher, the knowing ones say, and it is useless to wait for bargains. The time for bargains has fled to return no more.

Third National is now quoted at 315. This stock seems to be more of a favorite with buyers than Bank of Commerce. The latter is selling, in small lots, at 405. Holders of it assert that 500 will soon be reached by their favorite. Mechanics' National has advanced to 328, and bulls are confident that it is still an excellent purchase. They speak of important developments in connection with this bank, change of management and even of consolidation.

Colonial Trust is quiet and quoted at 223, while Mississippi is firm at 460. American Central is a little lower and selling at 179. Higher prices are predicted for Lincoln and Germania.

St. Louis Transit is rather neglected. The stock declined about a point of late and

large buying orders were woefully lacking. United preferred is steady at 84. Small investors are said to be constantly absorbing it.

The sale of \$5,000,000 of 3 1/4 per cent World's Fair bonds at above par was considered a success by leading brokers. The credit of the city is still first-class, and on a par with that of the large cities of the East. The bonds are, undoubtedly, more of a bargain and safer than many of our local bank stocks.

Clearances continue large, in spite of summer dullness. Money is in good demand, at previous rates of 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is higher and quoted at \$4 87 3/4. Exchange on New York is still at a premium.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

#### CORPORATION DEMOCRACIES.

Some years ago, when the Standard Oil Company came generally to be recognized as a monopoly, an attempt was made to mitigate public apprehension by showing that the stock of that corporation was remarkably well distributed among a large number of small investors. The inference was drawn that there could be no serious danger to the public interest if, as industries are concentrated, a large part of the people take shares in the resulting corporations. Thus if the corporation should take advantage of its monopoly by heavy exactions from the consumers of its products the increased profits would go back to the people in the form of dividends.

This theory was lost sight of after a while, only to be revived at the present juncture when the problem of industrial monopoly has become a far graver matter than ever before in the history of our country. On the one hand are those who think that the situation is leading to an aristocracy of wealth; on the other, those who think that the multiplication of securities and the disposition of the smaller capitalists to invest in industrial securities, will evolve in a democratization of industrial capital instead of its concentration in a few hands. It is not difficult to see that if the aristocracy of wealth is to be realized, the foundations of the existing political system will be weakened and possibly wrecked. But whether the outcome would be a closer approach to a system of privilege or government control of monopolistic enterprises remains in doubt.

Do present conditions tend to promote the socialization of industrial properties and will that be the solution of the trust question? Certainly those who are in control of these enterprises are not working for that end. Their whole energies appear to be devoted, not only to the concentration of independent concerns, but to the centralization of their control in a few hands. For the purpose of raising the necessary

#### To Our Savings Depositors:

On June 10, 1902, or as soon thereafter as possible, please present your savings pass books at window No. 20, north aisle, so that interest earned, if any, may be entered therein.

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. CORNER FOURTH AND FINE STREETS



# Nichols Folding Felt Mattress Co.,

2135 to 2145 LUCAS AVE.

IT FOLDS. IS EASILY  
HANDLED. WILL NOT MAT  
OR SPREAD AS ALL OTHERS  
DO. 30 NIGHTS GUARANTY.  
IF FOR ANY REASON YOU  
ARE DISSATISFIED RETURN  
SAME AND GET YOUR MONEY.



(THE NICHOLS FOLDING FELT MATTRESS)

WE MAKE  
PILLOWS, BOLSTERS, CHURCH  
CUSHIONS, CHAIR CUSHIONS,  
BRASS AND IRON BEDS,  
CRIBS, COTS, BED SPRINGS.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The only real sanitary mattress made. The Nichols Folding Felt is the ideal summer mattress. It is cool and never has to be made over. We make two grades, both first class. The cheapest for full size is \$15. Is made of better material inside and out than others. The price of our first grade is \$20. It is a work of art and as far superior to our second grade as our second grade is to all others. Both grades are made with a five inch box. The first grade contains eighty tufts to each mattress and our second grade sixty tufts to each mattress, while others at the same price contain only thirty six tufts. Samples of tick and felt furnished if desired. Come and see the mattress in process of manufacture and be convinced of all we claim. We sell brass and iron beds, cribs, cots and bed springs.

Express charges prepaid on all mattresses.

## PRICE OF OUR HIGH GRADE. (All 6 ft. 4 in. Long)

Width		Width	
" 4 ft. 6 in.	\$20.00	" 3 ft.	\$17.50
" 4 ft.	20 00	" 2 ft. 6 in.	15.00
" 3 ft. 6 in.	17.50		

## PRICE OF OUR SECOND GRADE. (All 6 ft. 4 in. Long)

Width		Width	
" 4 ft. 6 in.	\$15.00	" 3 ft.	\$12.50
" 4 ft.	15 00	" 2 ft. 6 in.	10 50
" 3 ft. 6 in.	12 50		

Send for catalogue.

Made in St. Louis.

Patronize Home Industry.

capital the public may be taken into consideration—but once the concentration is accomplished there is little tendency towards the safeguarding of that interest. That is to say, the minority of the stockholders is an interest which gets scant courtesy from the controlling power in most of these corporations. And then there is speculative manipulation, intended to shake out the smaller holders so that an increasing interest may be secured at bargain prices. Furthermore, there is the policy of withholding such information concerning operations and earnings as discourage investing in the shares of secretive concerns—and, finally, the bad management which leads to losses; these things do not tend to multiply the number of shareholders nor to invite the investments of people who save a few hundred dollars.

While it is true that any one who has \$50 can become a part owner of the United Steel corporation, or with a little more, one of the proprietors of the Pennsylvania railway, yet the course of most corporations, and the uncertain movements in the value of their shares do not attract such investors. The risk is felt to be too great. Thus not until a greater stability is assured will there be such a socialization of the ownership of the great corporations as will tend to head off dangerous and subversive legislation.—*The American Banker.*

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

## A JUNE SONG.

And it's oh, for the month of June  
When the world swings close to the moon,  
And a man and a maiden fleet  
To the goal where the pathways meet  
Down the road of the Heart's Desire  
Where never a one may tire  
Till hand had been closed in hand  
On the highway of Happy Land.

And it's oh, for the month of June  
That is timed to an organ tune,  
When the blush of the rose's grace  
Is caught from the young bride's face.  
When the world is a golden thing  
Clasped round in a wedding ring  
And a man and a maiden stand  
On the highway of Happy Land.

*Theodosia Garrison, in N. Y. Life.*

## BALANCE OF TRADE.

The National Reciprocity league, a non-partisan body, recently organized, declares that "in order to give continuous and remunerative employment to our labor capital we must secure markets for our increasing surplus products among the 1,500,000,000 of people who constitute the population of the world."

Is there not some danger in this movement? If our "surplus" goes into foreign markets, it must be paid for either with money or goods or not be paid for at all. If the latter, we could dispose of the "surplus" more easily and quite as profitably by throwing it into the sea. That it will not be paid for with money is evident, for but little money is ever imported. Considering silver and gold together, we export much more

than we import. If paid for, then, our exported "surplus" must be paid for chiefly, if not altogether, with "pauper goods." But in that case what becomes of our workingmen?

Will not this influx of "pauper goods" take the bread out of their mouths, so to speak? Or were the Republicans mistaken when they taught us to believe that importations of goods are only a little less injurious to American labor than importations of cholera?

In a book called "English as She is Taught," a story may be found which contains a subtle lesson on "trade balances." A pupil being asked to define the meaning of the words "imports" and "exports," wrote this answer:

The imports of a country are the things that are paid for; the exports are the things that are not.

That boy's idea of exports was evidently derived from the American statistics of foreign trade, which show such enormous "favorable" balances that are not paid for.—*The Public.*

A necklace of 21 beautifully matched white perfect diamonds, ranging in weight from one to four carats each, lately purchased from a private party, can be acquired at two-thirds of the original purchase price. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., 7th and Locust street.

GOOD REASONING—*Mother:* "Why, Gertrude! Why are you praying at noon?"

*Gertrude:* "Well, mamma, I thought probably during lunch hours God wouldn't be so busy listening to others.—*Puck.*"

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The annual examination of Strassberger's Conservatories of Music which took place May 24th last, was conducted by the board of education, which consists of Prof. E. Kroeger, Chas. Galloway, S. Conrath, J. Robert, B. Strassberger, Adelaide Kalkman, Guido Parisi and C. Strassberger. The students showed marked proficiency in the different branches and grades, reflecting great credit to the institution. In the first degree, or teacher's course, a class of twelve passed a satisfactory examination. Five will be graduated from the second, or concert course, and one in the artist's course. The graduating exercises will take place at the Odeon, Tuesday evening, June 17. Misses Annie Geyer, Annie Von der Ahe and Hubert Bauersachs, who have received the highest award in previous years, and are pursuing their studies in the higher grades of music at the Conservatories, will assist in the programme, which promises to be a musical treat.

## THE APOCRYPHA AS A SERIAL.

The difficulties concerning the coronation Bible have reminded a contemporary of a good story. A well known writer remembered, one day, that he had never read the apocryphal books, so he went to a bookseller's shop with a view to rectifying the omission. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he said to the young person behind the counter. She thought a while and then asked, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"—*London Globe.*

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.



# CRAWFORD'S

The One Particular Sale of the Opening Century.

Our "Boers" are Early Risers, and Were First Foots on the

## Ferguson-McKinney Veldt,

Who are now Unloading Their Heavy Cargo previous to Moving to Their Elegant New Store, built expressly for themselves, on Twelfth and Washington avenue. Have You Seen It? It is fine! Most spacious! With Great Breadth of Beam, An Everlasting Credit to the Young Firm and an honor to the City of St. Louis!! These good fellows Took Our Buyers in on The Ground Floor, and, being first on the field, Got the Cream of the Stock and the Largest Quantity of it! Ask Ferguson-McKinney if above statement is not true.

\$50,000.00 of Ferguson-McKinney Stock For Sale This Week, Away, Away Down! Read and Ponder.

### Embroideries

FROM

#### FERGUSON-MCKINNEY'S STOCK.

- 492 pieces Cambric Flounce, actual width 15 inches; also 6 to 12 inch cambric insertions or allover; can be used for yokes. Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 27c and 32c a yard, our price (a yard).....17½c
- 2,000 pieces Cambric Edging and Insertions. Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 5½c yard; our price, while they last, a yard.....2½c
- 179 pieces Cambric and Swiss Embroidered Allovers, striped and figured openwork designs. Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 63c a yard; our price, a yard.....35c
- 421 pieces Cambric Edging and Insertions, from 3 to 5 inches, Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 13c a yard; our price, a yard.....10c

### Batistes, Swisses, Etc.

- 150 pieces Striped and Figured Dimity, perfectly fast colors—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 12½c net—Our Sale Price.....5c
- 165 pieces fine Figured Batiste, all new styles, soft finish—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 12½c net—Our Sale Price.....10c
- Ecu Dotted Swiss, made in St. Gall, Switzerland—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 37½c—Our Sale Price.....25c
- White and Black Embroidered Swiss, imported from St. Gall, Switzerland—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price, net, 67½c—Our Sale Price.....39c
- Linen-finished Batiste, with hemstitched and corded stripes—Ferguson-McKinney wholesale price 17½c—Our Sale Price.....15c
- Regular 25c quality.
- 38-inch English Navy Blue Mohair, suitable for skirts and bathing suits—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 37½c—Our Sale Price.....32½c

### Lace Curtains, Portieres, Cretonnes, Etc.

- 500 pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, 1 to 3 pair of pattern—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 90c—Our Price, pair.....69c
- 350 pair Scotch Lace Curtains, 2 to 10 pair of pattern—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 25—Our Price, pair.....95c
- 125 pair Tapestry Derby Portieres Heavy Fringe—Our Price, pair.....\$2 15
- 250 Rope Portieres for single and double doors—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$2.00—Our Price.....\$1 50
- 15 pieces 27-inch Panel Lace for front door and transom covering—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 45c—Our Price, yard.....25c
- 15 Gross Extension Rods, extend from 30 to 54 inches Brass and Silver Ends—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 75—Our Price, each.....10c
- 250 Mosquito Bars on round and square frames, extra size—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 75—Our Price.....\$1 25
- 1,000 yards Furniture Cretonnes—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 15c yard—Our Price, yard.....12½c

### Parasols.

- Ladies' Parasols, figured, stripe, plain—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 75c—Our Price.....50c
- Ladies' Parasols, Persian, plain, borders and black, with ruffles—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 50—Our Price.....\$1 25
- Ladies' Parasols, corded, plain, stripe, ruffles, in all styles and colors—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$2 50—Our Price.....\$2 00
- Ladies' Parasols, linen, black and white, and all colors, bordered, stripe, plain—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$3.50—Our Price.....\$3.00
- Children's Parasols, latest styles and colors, plain, ruffles, borders and lace trimmed.....10c to \$3.00

### Black Dress Goods.

- 50 pieces Black Linen-Finished Figured Lawns, fast colors—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 5c—Our sale price.....2½c
- Black and White Fine Dimity Lawn—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 12½c—Our sale price.....10c
- Fine Embroidered Black Figured Swiss; imported from St. Gall, Switzerland—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 67½c—Our sale price.....39c
- Fine Black Batiste, with a beautiful white woven stripe, assorted styles—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 18c—Our sale price.....13½c
- Imported Black Crepon, the finest quality, high luster—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 15—Our sale price.....79c

### Laces, Neckwear and Fans

FROM FERGUSON-MCKINNEY'S STOCK.

- 500 pieces mixed lot of Laces, all kinds, from 1 to 4 inches, Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 00 to \$1.35 dozen yards—Our Price (a yard).....5c
- A lot of 900 pieces better Laces, Point de Paris, 2, 4 and 6 inches, 3-inch insertions to match, black silk chantilly bands, medallion effects in cream, white and black—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$2.25 to \$4.50 a dozen—Our Price (a yard).....10c
- Lace Beading, 25 different styles—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price—40c, 60c, 75c and \$1 00 dozen yards—Our Price (a yard).....2½, 3½ and 5c

#### FERGUSON-MCKINNEY'S NECKWEAR.

- 100 dozen Ladies' embroidered turn-over Collars—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price 75c a dozen—Our Price (each).....2½c
- Black and White Silk Chiffon Jubby Trimming—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 25 dozen yards—Our Price (a yard).....5c

#### FERGUSON-MCKINNEY'S FANS.

- 5,000 Fans—Japanese Folding Fans, white spangled, colored spangled, plain black Pocket Fans—Ferguson-McKinney's wholesale price \$1 50 to \$2.25 dozen—Our Price (each).....5c

# D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## FACTS ABOUT CONGRESSMEN.

The tallest member of the House of Representatives is Cy Sulloway, of New Hampshire; he is six feet seven inches and weighs 280 pounds. The shortest man is Samuel W. Smith, of Pontiac, Mich.; he is about four feet five inches and weighs less than ninety-eight pounds. The fattest member is Bob Cousins, of Iowa; the thinnest is Francis W. Cushman, of Tacoma, Wash. Cushman says of himself that he has to turn around twice to cast a shadow.

The handsomest man is George Edmund Foss, of Illinois; he has a perfect profile and a shape like Belvedere. The homeliest man is Frank Eddy, of Minnesota, by general consent. The oldest man in the house is Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, who was born August 31, 1823; the youngest member is John J. Feeley, of Chicago, 27 years, 9 months. The man with the biggest head is Sereno Payne, of New York, who wears a seven and three-quarters hat; the smallest headed man is Oliver P. Belmont, of New York, who sometimes has to take boy's size to get one to fit.

The baldest man is Ben Caldwell, of Illinois, whose dome resembles a billiard ball; the hairiest man is Representative Dick, of Ohio, who has a mop like an impresario. The most talkative man is John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, who, though privately a charming person, counts that day lost which does not contribute to the size of the *Congressional Record*; the most silent man is one Stephen Morgan, of Ohio, a former school teacher, who has wearied of telling what he knows, and has not been heard to speak, either in committee or on the floor, since he has been in Congress. The loudest voice is possessed by Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, who also has the highest speed of any talker in the house; the lowest and most halting voice is that of Joel Heatwole, of Minnesota, who is a newspaper writer and is credited with the finest Congressional organization in the country.

The most profane man is Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois; and the least swearing member is Washington Gardner, who is barred by the fact that he is a minister of the gospel.—*Chicago Journal*.

His Majesty, Edward VII, is credited with the saying that it is vastly easier to live up to the obligations of a play-king than to those of a real one; and the same thought, with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by President Lincoln. In 1862, says a writer in the *Kansas City Journal*, Colonel Alexander, of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him at Washington, and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind.

"This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" inquired Colonel Alexander.

"No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail, said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk!'"—*Exchange*.

It is told of a learned professor, who was etter at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links, in which he had fozzled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was:

"Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for gowff."—*Tit-Bits*.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## The Mirror

# Do you get money enough? Would a fat increase in your income, salary or business profits be any object to you?

This advertisement applies to three classes of people. It will be strange if you do not belong in one of the three classes.

It applies to the young man or woman who recognizes the fact that almost every conceivable profession or business is so overcrowded as to make the chances of success very small and the possible final results very discouraging. This class should consider the greatest business in all the world—advertising.

In this business in America alone there are expended over \$600,000,000 per year, and a vast army of skilled, able, experienced assistants is needed. Such assistants are very difficult to get. Salaries are large. The business is easily learned. The occupation is dignified and pleasant.

It applies to that vast army of young people who are now learning some business as clerks, lookkeepers, stenographers and other employees.

A knowledge of advertising will so add to their efficiency as to make immediate promotions certain and a rapid rise to positions of trust and importance, and large remunerations equally certain.

The man or woman in a business establishment who gets in closest touch with the head of the firm gets the most promotions and reaches the top round of the ladder first, is one who has, or can gain, a working knowledge of the advertising business.

It applies to the business man, whether just starting or established in business. The business which gains all the custom and makes all the money nowadays is the one which is the best advertised. Others must go to the rear.

It should be the first duty of every business man to possess himself of a full working knowledge of the proper means and methods of advertising his business rightly. With this knowledge he has an

advantage over all competitors which will be of inestimable value to him every business day in the year.

Do you belong to any of these three classes?

Would you like a detailed statement of a plan by which in the easiest, quickest and most inexpensive manner you can gain a complete, practical knowledge of the advertising business? Not from a theorist in an office room, but from the inside of an actual advertising business, which does writing, illustrating, printing, mailing, posting and placing of advertisements of every conceivable, good kind, for retailers, jobbers and manufacturers, all over the civilized globe and which is beyond question the most successful business ever built upon the writing and illustrating of advertising—or advertising as a *professional* proposition.

If you are interested, write for the plan.

## CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

VANDERBILT BUILDING

NEW YORK

## BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS  
Between Montreal and Liverpool and  
All European Ports.  
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.  
Regular Weekly Sailings.  
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Ag't,  
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



## MATCHLESS TRAINS

All  
AroundThe  
Triangle

Free Reclining Chair Cars. Standard and Compartment Sleepers.  
Dining Cars with Library and Smoking Apartments.  
Observation Platforms.  
ROCK BALLAST. NO DUST.

## CHICAGO &amp; ALTON

For rates and information address D. BOWES, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

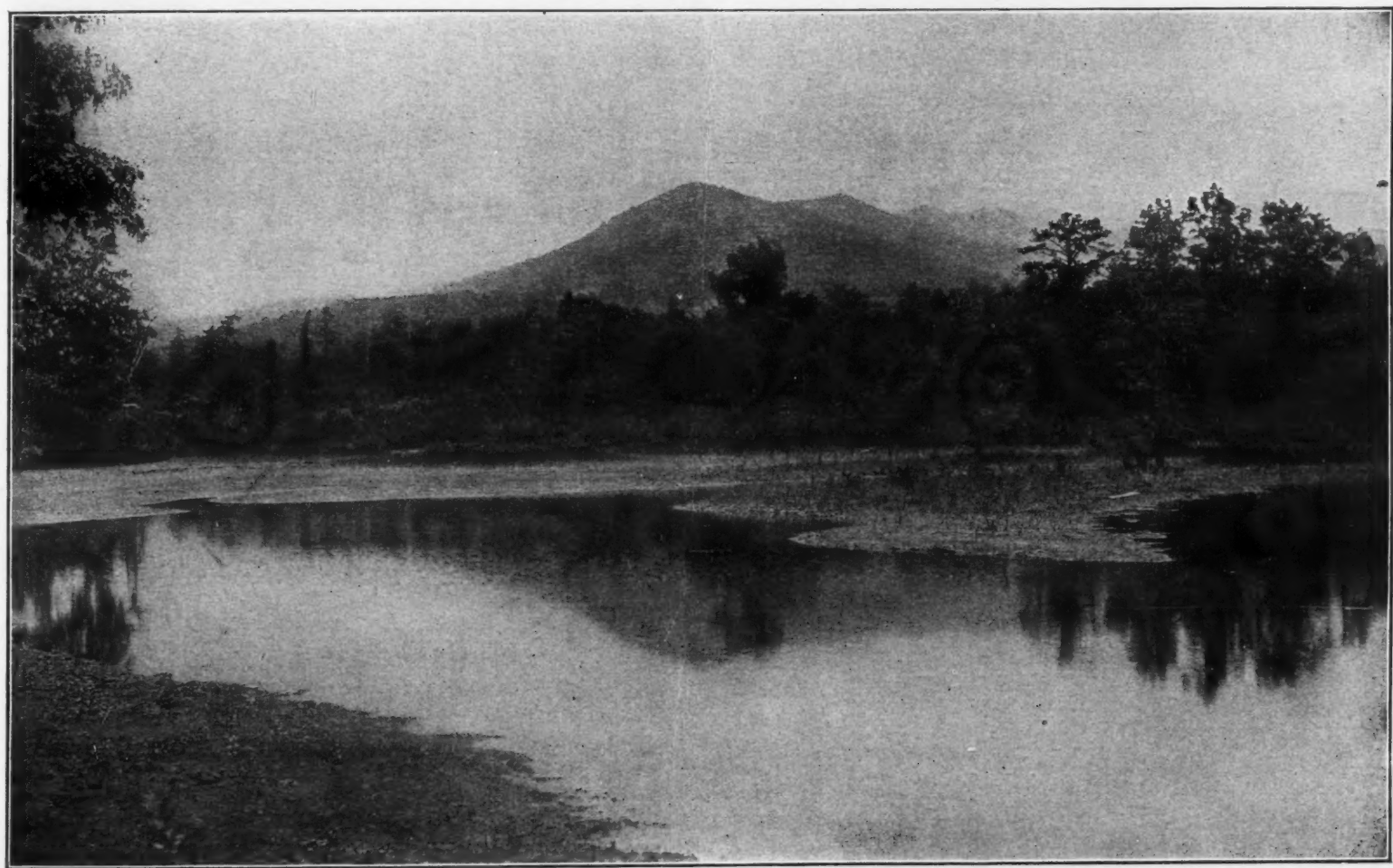


The Mirror

A TYPICAL SCENE

—IN THE—

“LAND OF THE SKY,”



—NEAR—

ASHEVILLE, N. C.,

REACHED BY THE

Southern Railway



The Mirror

# A VERY PLEASANT ROUTE



The Only Line running Library Observation Sleepers from St. Louis through to San Antonio. And further than this, it has Through Sleepers and Chair Cars to Paris, Dallas, Houston, Galveston—in fact, nearly all the Principal Points in Texas. The Frisco System is also

## THE SHORT LINE TO OKLAHOMA,

And to Oswego, Wichita, Burrton and points in the West and Far West.

This is the Scenic Railway—It Runs Through The Ozarks.

**TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.**



**The Indian Territory**

IS now attracting greater attention than any other section of the country owing to its wonderful possibilities.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway—the pioneer Indian Territory line—runs through the most fertile section and along its lines are located most of the populous towns.

Write to-day to James Barker, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, for a copy of an illustrated pamphlet as to present conditions.

